Week ending March 12 1955 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Begins this week

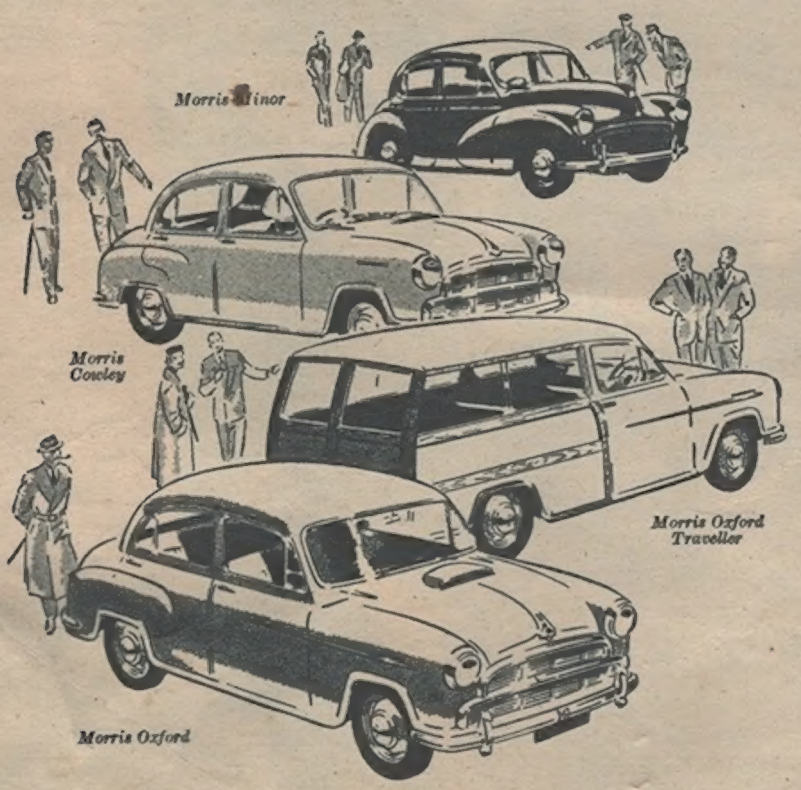
THE EXCITING PERSONAL STORY OF THE CONQUEROR OF EVEREST

HIGH ADVENTURE

by

Sir Edmund Hillary

"Let's make it a Morris . . ."



It's not only the hard, irrefutable facts* in the catalogues they have collected —or even the evidence of their eyes at the last Motor Show. Like thousands upon thousands of motorists before them—they have decided on a Morris because, instinctively and rightly, they feel there is an integrity about this car which is gilt-edged security for their satisfaction . . . When you choose a Morris you make the wisest—*and easiest*—decision of all.

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EDITORIAL

Sky lifeline

WHEN disaster strikes—in flood, blizzard, shipwreck or plane crash, on mountains, in snowdrifts or round storm-swept reefs—there is a new vehicle of rescue. It is the helicopter.

The man in the helicopter, hovering like an insect, can drop his lifeline where no other rescuer could reach, then swing up and away with the injured or the marooned who must otherwise have died.

Never was the helicopter's value as an all-purpose rescuer more clearly shown than in this winter's two great snow-storms in Scotland. Helicopters then shared with ordinary aircraft hundreds of sorties in the worst weather. They carried tons of life-saving supplies. They flew doctors in. They flew pneumonia cases out.

BUT it was only what Mr. Henderson Stewart, Scottish Under-Secretary of State, called "the British genius for improvisation." Those helicopters had to be recruited hurriedly from the navy and the Royal Air Force. Next time, Mr. Stewart promised, there will be a prepared plan.

What sort of plan?

Lord Howe, former racing motorist and now deputy chairman of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, points the way. "The lifeboats," he says, "have arranged to call on navy, R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. helicopters to help in rescues at sea. Many lives have thus been saved. But the helicopter has proved as valuable a lifesaver on land as at sea. The police should have a similar arrangement with the Services."

LORD HOWE
"Helicopters save many lives"

That might do as a start. But what Britain finally needs is a National Helicopter Rescue Service, run either by the State or voluntarily, like the lifeboats.

SERVICE helicopters are sited to serve military and naval needs. They do not cover the whole country. There are helicopters at Brawdry in Pembrokeshire, Culrose in Cornwall, Ford in Sussex, Gosport in Hampshire, Thornaby in Lincolnshire, Lossiemouth and Prestwick in Scotland, and Eglington in Ulster. There is none elsewhere in Britain.

In sudden emergencies—and there have been many in peaceful Britain lately—these slow-flying aircraft sometimes have to travel two hundred miles to reach people in trouble. That delay could mean a man's death.

A dramatic helicopter rescue, such as that of the South Goodwin Lightship's only survivor, cheers the heart.

It also underlines the need for a national network of rescue helicopters—flying ambulances, flying lifeboats, flying delivery vans—on call as readily as surface lifeboats or fire engines to deal with disaster.

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when all is said and done...

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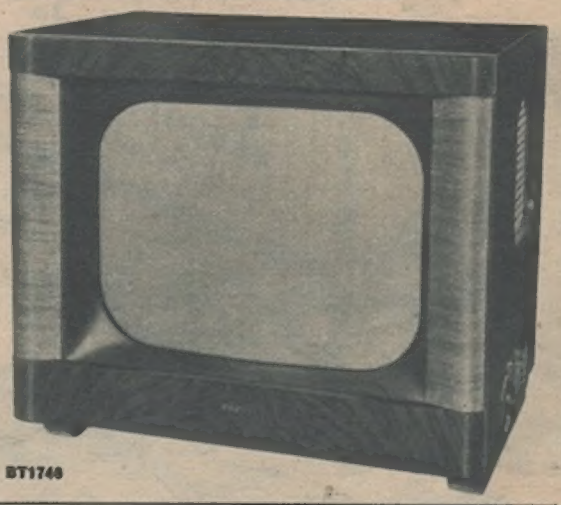

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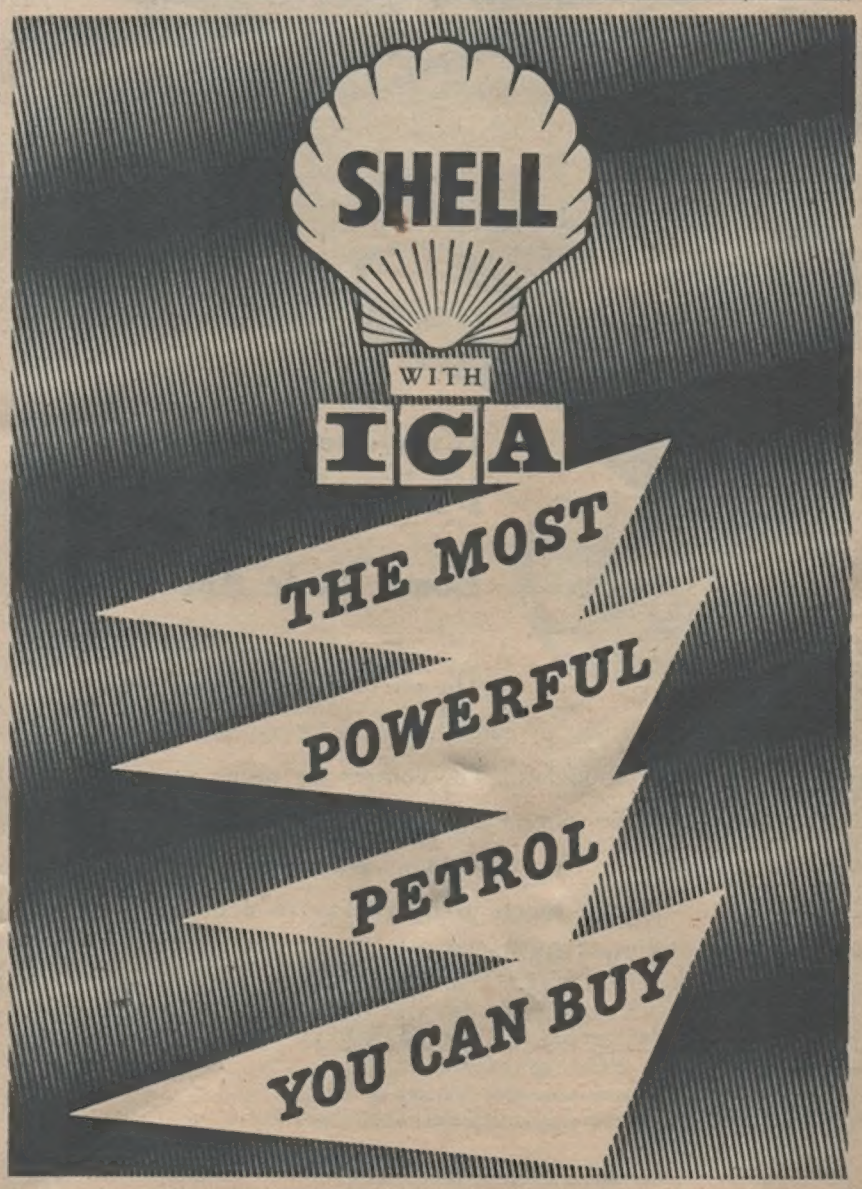

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★ *And when you're buying a block of chocolate remember that Nestlé's is a very good name for Milk Chocolate*

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JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

MARCH 12 1955 VOL. 97 NO. 2541 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

He remembers his smiling village

THANK you for a great story and painting ("The Smiling Village," JOHN BULL, February 12). It brought back so vividly memories of a tiny village called Grosmont in a little Yorkshire valley. I well remember it after sixty-five years or more—especially the church where we children had just laid our mother; and the crippled girl who took me by the hand to sit in her father's garden because it was a two-mile uphill walk to home. The garden appealed to me so much; it gave me the inspiration to make gardening my career.

Then there was the lady of the manor, where we went to choir practice; she always gave me two chocolate beetles—the others, one. I wonder if the family is there now. Is the butcher still there—where I innocently asked for some pork to make beef-tea?

I remember going to a farm for a ha'penny worth of milk, and walking the long way round because I was afraid of the bull which once just missed my brother and me by inches.

We went to the beach one day, and the tide cut us off. An older boy said: "I'll try to get through. If I do I'll come back for you." But he never came back. There we stood, the towering cliffs on one side, the tide on the other lapping our feet. My brother said: "Let's pray as mother taught us." We knelt there with clasped hands and said: "Jesu tender Shepherd hear me, bless Thy little lambs tonight; through the darkness be Thou near them, keep them safe till morning light."

Then, on a boulder, we went straight to sleep. When we awoke it was dark, and a rescue party had come. They said: "There never was such a low tide."—ROBERT COGGLE-ELVIN, Deopham Corner, Hingham, Norwich.

WINSTON GRAHAM

His great new novel

THE LITTLE WALLS

is coming soon in JOHN BULL

Further details next week

Pay The Piper . . .

ALL kinds of inducements are offered nowadays to good young players to play football for "amateur" teams. I am told that one well-known club in the south of England pays £3 a week as a retaining fee to star players in the close season.

When I played village football in the twenties I paid an annual subscription, my bus fares to away games, bought my tea and undertook club duties. How many lads would do that today? If they are a cut above the average they are quick to capitalize on their ability. They choose a fashionable club and state their terms—in hard cash.—REFEREE, Co. Durham.

"Any amateur footballer receiving more than his actual hotel and travel expenses would be subject to disciplinary action," says the F.A.

Sails Talk

WINDMILLS, I have just discovered, have a language of their own. In the old days, the danger signal from miller to smuggler was given by setting the sails in an upright cross; the all-clear was a diagonal cross.

The upright cross also signalled trouble or mourning at the mill, and when work was finished the sails were left in the diagonal position. Most

old English mills which are no longer working have their sails set like this. —JEAN NELSON MACRAE, Bank Lane, Salford, Lancashire.

The Irish Brew

WHEN I was in Dublin a few days ago I found tea prices two or three shillings less than in Northern Ireland and the United Kingdom. Surely Eire's merchants buy their supplies at the same auctions as British merchants. Why is our tea so much more expensive?—MRS. J. GOUGH, Donaghadee, Northern Ireland.

Tea merchants in Eire were given an assurance in January that the government would cover their losses if they sold tea at the old prices. By September the guarantee will have cost the government £1¼ million.

No Through Road

STRAYING off the main Canterbury to Margate road the other day I arrived at a level-crossing at the hamlet of Grove Ferry. My car bumped across the railway lines, and I found that the road ended on the

Grove Ferry Road leads into the river

banks of the River Stour just a few yards farther on. This is the only level crossing I know which opens on to a ferry.—W. P. JASP, Windsor, Berks.

Kent County Council say that a scheme to replace the hand-drawn ferry by a bridge has been prepared.

Blind Actors

I FOUND your article on blind people very interesting (JOHN BULL, February 5). In this town the local institute for the blind has formed a drama group and actually produces plays for the public. The actors have so much confidence that unknowing audiences would probably not suspect that they were blind.—MRS. M. W., South Shields.

Prying Dutchmen

PASSING through the Dutch port of Den Helder recently I watched a naval frigate arrive from the Caribbean. Amid the modern machinery and armaments on deck I was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Here's luxury at little cost...

LINGERIE IN 'Celanese' TRADE MARK Fabrics

Heavenly garments at down-to-earth prices — that's the beauty of Lingerie in 'Celanese' Acetate Fabrics. There's 'CELANESE' CREPE-DE-CHINE, a luxurious fabric — resists shrinking and loss of shape. There's 'CELANESE' DE LUXE TRICOT — superb quality, wonderfully hard-wearing, easy to care for, non-transparent, smooth next the skin. Both cost far less than you think!

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In the morning there is nothing quite as *fresh* as Chivers "Olde English" — the marmalade with full flavoured tender peel. It sets you up wonderfully for the day. Make a *fresh* start tomorrow with Chivers Olde English Marmalade. 1 lb. jar costs only 1/5d.

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the World's best-selling thick-cut Marmalade

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THE COMPLETE AND NOURISHING CAT FOOD

KIT-E-KAT CHOCK-FULL OF FISH AND MEAT

cooked and ready to serve

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

surprised to see an old ship's figurehead in a place of honour.

It was, I learned, the pawn in a private—and friendly—battle between the Netherlands Navy and a Curacao family. The figurehead originally belonged to a Dutch frigate which sank off the Caribbean island of Curacao in 1778. The Maduro family recovered it, and for the past eighty

The captors and the trophy

years it has been a tradition that Dutch ships in the area seek out the trophy and return it to Holland.—G. ALLSON, Cardiff.

The crew of the frigate Van Speyk were the figurehead's last captors. The next warship leaving Den Helder for Curacao will return it to the Maduro family, says the Netherlands Embassy.

Wrong Diagnosis

ACCORDING to your editorial on colds (JOHN BULL, February 5), the only way to be immune is to live alone on a desert island. I maintain that, even then, if you fell into the sea you would catch a cold unless you dried yourself immediately and put on dry clothes. — F. STRONG, Luton.

"Without germ infection, you can't catch a cold," says a doctor. "You might have an allergic rhinitis—with a running nose—but that's not a genuine cold."

Long Term Policy

MY young daughter recently had two days off from school because other children had examinations, and two days off for half-term.

Meanwhile I have been trying vainly to book holiday accommodation in the peak summer period. Surely it would be wise to scrap these half-term and odd holidays and lengthen, say, the Whitsun break when it is easier and cheaper to take a holiday.—MRS. M. M. HICKMAN, Greenacres Avenue, Ickenham, Middlesex.

Several countries concentrate on one long holiday for schoolchildren. In the U.S.A. the summer holiday is up to three months long, and though children have only a day or so off for Easter, there are numerous one-day national holidays. Swedish children have about ten weeks in the summer, an Easter holiday of a week, and a fortnight at Christmas. Australian children get six or seven weeks summer holiday around Christmas and about a week at the end of the other two terms.

Worcester Man

LORD NUFFIELD was not born in Cowley, Oxfordshire ("Who's Who?" February 12), but in Worcester. The city recognized the fact when it made him a freeman in 1937.—SHIRLEY A. GREEN, Laugherne Road, Worcester.

Lord Nuffield was born in the parish of St. John's, Worcester, on October 10, 1877, but he left the city a couple of years later. He went to school in Cowley.

The Weaker Sex

IN his excellent article about Joan Rhodes, the strong woman (JOHN BULL, February 12), John Sandilands says that two Olympic weightlifters in Vienna failed miserably to break the six-inch nails she was using in her act.

In the North London club to which I belonged thirty years ago few of the members would have confessed to such a failure. The club secretary, an Olympic champion and a brilliant runner, used to take five-mile runs along the Epping Road clad in the briefest of shorts and carrying a twenty-pound barbell weight in each hand.

One visitor to our club used to write his signature on the wall—with two fifty-six pound weights hanging from his little finger.—H. P., Bucks.

Sleep Stalker

ON the first night of my stay in a country district of New South Wales, Australia, I found a huge spider wandering over the wall above my bed.

Recalling that there are poisonous spiders in Australia I beat a hasty retreat. My host assured me the spider was quite harmless, and he wouldn't let me kill it. He said it would spend the night roaming across the walls and ceiling picking off the sleeping flies. — P. MARSH, Wood Vue, Spennymoor, Co. Durham.

"Spiders are quite a thing in Australia," says Australia House. "Several species are poisonous, but a countryman would recognize the types that are useful."

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE tyrannical reign of the gymslip is over. No longer is she to be branded, out of hand, as a schoolgirl. It's a great day in a girl's life when she chooses her first grown-up dress—and one of pleasurable sadness for her parents. Father has already seen half his wardrobe commandeered by a son whose transition from blazer to business suit seemed effortless. This is a more complicated affair, as Mother soon finds. Her taste will mould a poised, fashionable young woman from a gawky schoolgirl. "But," says Fred Laurent, who painted the cover, "she'll need to enforce strict discipline—for the sake of Father's bank account."

the only sweets with these lovely liquid centres...

There's a pear
and a pineapple flavour too,
(as delicious as the rest)

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CONGOLEUM EASES HOMEMAKERS' BUDGET

THERE'S no denying, floors are a worry, and not only for those setting up home for the first time. How is one to get a floor-covering that one can both afford and be proud of? Thousands are finding the answer in Silver Star Congoleum—one of the most popular floor coverings before the war, now plentiful once again.

now less than £3 a floor

You can now get a beautiful Congoleum square for the floor of an average room for less than £3. The squares can be had in four sizes, from 3 x 2½ yards to 3 x 4 yards. They are printed in dozens of charming designs, in Multicote linseed oil paint, with a cellulose finish. The charming room in the picture is floored with Square Pattern No. 21/017.

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Congoleum is wonderfully long lasting. Treat it well and it will last as long as many dearer floor-coverings.

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every man needs . . .

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Here are your SYMPTOMS
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For COLDS & CHILLS FEVERISHNESS RHEUMATIC PAINS HEADACHES & NEURALGIA

Take BEECHAM'S POWDERS *For* QUICK RELIEF!

Sore, ticklish throat?

"I don't go down with it," *says* Roy Rich

Pity the poor quiz-master who can't find his voice! That never happens to Roy Rich, famous chairman of TV's "Down You Go". How does he protect his voice? With MAC Throat Sweets.

ROY RICH, like many stars of radio and TV, keeps his throat free from infection with MAC Throat Sweets. He takes them at the first warning signs. Or daily, as a wise and pleasant safeguard.

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MACs kill dangerous, infectious germs because they contain Amyl-Meta-Cresol, a powerful germicide many times as strong as pure Phenol (R.W. Co-efficient 250).

MACs lubricate the throat and freshen the mouth because they contain camphor, pure sugar and tincture of Tolu.

MACs help to reduce swelling and irritation of the passages where catarrh lurks, because they contain Menthol: you inhale it as the sweet dissolves.

Don't have a throat—have a MAC

MAC BRAND *ANTISEPTIC* THROAT SWEETS
1/6 A PACKET

5a/MS/55

HIGH ADVENTURE

by EDMUND HILLARY

Sir Edmund Hillary begins the story of his exploits from his first attack on New Zealand's peaks to the epic conquest of Everest

I WAS SIXTEEN before I ever saw a mountain. My father's rapidly expanding bee business had occupied all my holidays and I'd learned to do a full-size job before I entered my teens. But in the winter of 1935 I'd saved a little money and I was allowed to join a school ski-ing part to Ruapehu—one of our large New Zealand volcanoes. I was in the Lower Sixth Form at the time—a tall, bony, clumsy-looking youth, far from being the brightest lad in the class. And I don't think I'd been more than fifty miles outside of my birthplace, Auckland.

I saw my first snow at midnight when we stepped off our train at the National Park station. There wasn't much of it, but it was a tremendous thrill and very soon snowballs, as hard as iron, were flying through the air. As our bus carried us steadily up towards the château, perched high on the mountainside, its powerful lights sparked into life a fairyland of glistening snow, stunted pines and frozen streams. I felt I was in a strange and exciting new world.

For ten glorious days we skied and played on the lower slopes of the mountain and I don't think I ever looked towards the summit. We had been told that the upper parts of the mountain were dangerous and I viewed them with respect and

The climax to Edmund Hillary's high adventure is near. At 27,500 feet, he looks up towards the summit of Everest which next day—May 29, 1953—he conquered with the famous Sherpa Tenzing

The 1951 Everest reconnaissance team. Left to right: Shipton, Murray, Bourdillon, Riddiford, and (sitting) Ward and Hillary

Hillary, aged twenty-four, with his sister June (right) and his sister-in-law. In the war, he served in the Pacific as a navigator with the New Zealand air force

fear. I never dared to venture on them. I returned home in a glow of fiery enthusiasm for the sun, and the cold, and the snow—especially the snow!

But I didn't see a great deal of the snow in the next few years. It took two years of university life to convince my parents that I was unsuited to an academic career. I don't think I was particularly dull, but I was certainly lazy and couldn't work up much interest in a lecture on calculus. So I joined my father's business and became a full-time beekeeper.

It was a good life—a life of open air, and sun, and hard, physical work. And in its way it was a life of uncertainty and adventure; a constant fight against the vagaries of the weather and a mad rush when all our 1,600 hives decided to swarm at once. During the winter I often tramped around our lovely bush-clad hills and learned a little about self-reliance and felt the first faint stirrings of interest in the unknown.

When I was twenty years old I had my first long trip. With an older friend I visited a famous resort, the Hermitage, right in the heart of New Zealand's Southern Alps. We had a magnificent drive through the mountains and arrived at the Hermitage in the early afternoon. It was a perfect day and the great peaks around seemed to tower over our heads. I looked on them with a growing feeling of excitement—the great rock walls, the hanging glaciers, and the avalanche-strewn slopes. I was strangely stirred by it all and I felt restless for action.

"Harry Was Like A Tiger"

As I sat in the lounge that evening, the hum of voices suddenly hushed. Two young men had come into the room. They were fit and tanned. I could hear a whisper going round "They've just climbed Mount Cook." Soon they were the centre of an admiring group. As I hovered a little forlornly on the outside, I heard one of them say, "I was pretty tired when we got to the icecap, but Harry was like a tiger and almost dragged me to the top." It wasn't until some years later that I found out that they were Stevenson and Dick, a famous climbing partnership, and they had just completed the first Grand Traverse of Mount Cook from north to south.

I retreated to a corner of the lounge, filled with a sense of futility at the dull mundane nature of my existence. Those chaps, now, were really getting some excitement out of life. I decided there and then to take up mountaineering. Tomorrow I'd climb something!

I approached my companion and he agreed to give it a try. But as we had neither experience nor equipment he suggested we take a guide. All the necessary arrangements were made and I went to bed in a fever of anticipation.

Next morning Brian and I met our guide. I couldn't help feeling a slight sense of disappointment. He certainly looked the part, with his weatherbeaten face and Tyrolean hat, but his mature years and excess weight didn't give the impression of dash and endurance. In rather dampening tones he informed us that we'd tackle "Olivier," a small peak on the Sealy range. "Of course," he said, "if it's too far we can spend the afternoon boiling the billy at the Sealy lakes."

Scaled His First Mountain

He led off at a slow and steady pace—too slow and steady for my liking, and before long I'd dashed on ahead. I climbed up the steep, narrow track, and the cool, crisp air and the wonderful sense of freedom as I rose above the valley spurred me on. I was at the lakes half an hour before our guide hove into view. Brian and I swam in the clear, cold water while he lit a fire and boiled a billy. Then, with ravenous appetites, we attacked our lunch.

A thousand feet of snow stretched between us and the crest of the range. At my impatient movements, our guide reluctantly stirred himself. He led off up the slope. This was real mountaineering, I thought! The snow was pleasantly firm and an easy kick produced a comfortable step. But the long slope underneath gave an impression of exposure and I followed enthusiastically but docilely up behind. We reached the crest of the ridge and looked over into a magnificent valley of great glaciers and fine peaks. A few yards along the ridge was a rocky outcrop. I couldn't restrain myself any longer and scrambled quickly upwards. Next moment, I was on the summit of my first mountain.

I returned to the Hermitage after the happiest day I had ever spent. The next day I returned home, but my new enthusiasm for the mountains went home with me and gave me little rest in the years that followed.

Two books became my climbing inspiration. One was *Nanda Devi* by Eric Shipton and the other *Camp Six* by Frank Smythe. With Smythe I climbed every weary foot of the way up the north side of Everest. I don't think I have ever lived a book more vividly. I suffered with Smythe the driving wind and the bitter cold and the dreadful fight for breath in the thin air. And when he was finally turned back at 28,000 feet, I didn't regard it as a defeat, but a triumph.

By 1946 I'd had a good deal of experience in running my own trips. I'd climbed a lot of small peaks and a few of the big ones. But I still didn't really know much about the technical side of mountaineering. And then I met guide Harry Ayres, New Zealand's outstanding climber, who had a tremendous reputation for ice craft. For three marvellous seasons we climbed the big peaks together. I learned a lot from Harry. I learned how to cut a step and when to cut it; and I learned a little of that subtle science of snow and ice craft that only experience can really teach.

Then, in 1950, George Lowe set off the spark that finally got us both to the Himalayas. I had never climbed with George, but we were old friends and he had a fine record of difficult climbs. We were walking down the Tasman glacier together when George suddenly said, "Have you ever thought about going to the Himalayas, Ed?" I'd thought about it often. It was most exciting to find someone with the same views. We decided to organize a party, and raise enough money to go.

One day I received a letter from Lowe. It had exciting news. Apparently another group of chaps in New Zealand had been making plans about the Himalayas and they'd invited George to join them. At his suggestion they'd invited me too. They were a first-class group of climbers and I immediately accepted the offer.

Runner Brought Exciting News

At first our plans were very ambitious—a ten-man party to attempt Kanchenjunga. But permission failed to come through, the bugbear of finance reared its ugly head and our party started dwindling. Finally, there were only four of us left—Earle Riddiford, Edmund Cotter and George Lowe and myself. Our main objective now was the peak Mukut Parbat, 23,760 feet, in the Garhwal Himalaya.

We were deep inside the Himalayas when we first heard about the new reconnaissance to Everest. Someone had sent us a newspaper cutting which came up with our mail runner. It was exciting and disturbing news and we avidly read all the article had to say.

It explained how all the early expeditions to

Everest had approached the mountain through Tibet and had tried to climb it up its northern slopes. There had been seven expeditions since the first one in 1921 and, though they'd performed unbelievable feats of courage and endurance, they hadn't got higher than a thousand feet from the top. It almost seemed as though there was some invisible barrier at 28,000 feet through which no man could go.

For ten years, the article went on to explain, the mountain was left completely alone. Then, after the war, changes in politics made Tibet a closed country to the European. But the southern flanks of Everest lay in Nepal. This south side was generally regarded as impossibly steep to climb, but little was known about it because the Nepalese had always carefully excluded Europeans from their country.

Probe From The South Failed

In 1949, however, they had adopted a more liberal policy and next year two famous mountaineers, Houston of America and Tilman of Britain, were given permission to travel through Western Nepal towards the foot of the mountain. For some reason they approached no closer than a few miles and then returned to report that in their opinion there was no practical route from this side.

We already knew most of this, but the article carried things a stage farther: "Despite this discouraging news, another small expedition is going out to examine the southern approaches to the mountain in the autumn of 1951—that is in only a few months' time. The expedition is to be led by no less a person than Shipton himself."

With envy in our voices the four of us talked of the thrill it must be to go on an Everest expedition that was led by such a famous mountaineer. And then we returned to our own problems.

By this time we had learned many lessons about Himalayan travel, lessons in handling temperamental coolies and in dealing with the local peoples. We'd felt the strength drain out of our limbs and the will out of our minds in the thin, breathless air at great heights. We were learning fast. Lowe and I had formed an energetic and happy partnership. We reconnoitred the great glaciers at the foot of Mukut Parbat and found a way through its formidable defences. We established Camp 3 at 21,000 feet. From this camp, on July 11, Riddiford, Cotter and Sherpa Pasang reached the summit after a great struggle.

Off To Explore With Shipton

We returned to Ranikhet thin and wasted, but with a glow of modest pride. As we entered our hotel, unshaven and dirty, we were handed a cablegram. It was an invitation to two of us to join Eric Shipton's party. We were on our way to Everest!

Riddiford and I, with two of our Sherpas, Pasang and Nyima, arrived in Lucknow on August 28. There we bought stocks of food and fuel and loaded this and our equipment on to several horse-drawn carts and transported it to the station.

Our train wasn't leaving for an hour, so we started in a leisurely way to complete the official formalities needed to get our luggage aboard. We emerged from this confusion to realize that the train was leaving in a few minutes and that our luggage was far from being on board. With growing panic we summoned twenty coolies, hoisted the loads on them and started at a jog-trot for the platform. We swept through the gates just as the guard prepared to blow his whistle. His firm cry of "Too late!" sounded the death-knell of our plans.

But Riddiford was not the man to give in too lightly. His forceful persuasion—and judicious baksheesh—won the day. We leaped into a second class carriage containing two Indian passengers and then, to their utter horror, we began piling in tents, bags and boxes of food, tins of kerosene and all the various paraphernalia of an expedition. A wild scattering of coins to our coolies, a sudden jerk that nearly threw us on the floor and another expedition had started.

Two days later, we arrived at Jogbani, on the Indian-Nepalese border, where we were to meet Shipton. There we were invited into the home of a Scottish engineer, Mr. Law, who told us that Shipton and his three companions had left and were five days ahead of us. Mr. Law arranged for a large truck to carry us over the thirty miles of road between Jogbani and Dharan—a town at the foot of the hills.

We loaded all our gear on to the large truck, climbed aboard, and were on our way. We had been warned that in the monsoon this road was often impassable. We soon understood why when we emerged into the more open country and saw nothing but a sea of mud ahead of us. But slithering and sliding and bucking and jerking we chewed our way along. I was almost convinced that nothing could stop us when we shuddered to a halt in two feet of mud.

Vultures Fed On Dead Cow

For half an hour our driver tried his best to move us while fifty feet away a dozen hideous vultures fed noisily on the carcass of a dead cow. But it was all to no avail. There was only one chance, our driver said. If we unloaded all our luggage and carried it two hundred yards through the worst stretch ahead, he thought the lorry might get through. I looked with some distaste at the morass in front. "We'll have to do it, Earle," I said, "You unload the gear and Pasang and Nyima and I will carry it along."

I took off my shoes and socks and lowered myself gingerly into the ooze, followed by the two Sherpas. Riddiford handed each of us a load and we started wallowing our way along the road. Halfway to the next patch of dry ground was a small bridge and this favoured viewpoint was quickly occupied by sons of the local landowners. Our misfortune caused them no small merriment, particularly every time I went past, up to my knees in the mud. Their leader was a very smartly dressed young man, and his witticisms, although I couldn't understand them, brought roars of laughter from his companions.

I am fairly long suffering, but I have my limits. After I'd carried seven or eight loads through the mud my temper was starting to fray. I was returning to the truck, covered in mud from head to foot, when the well-dressed young man produced another brilliant witticism. It was too much! Behind him was a large ditch full of water. I took one step forward and pushed him with all the energy of my pent-up feelings. His shriek of horror as he hurtled towards the water is still one of my treasured memories. From then on I crossed the bridge in a respectful silence.

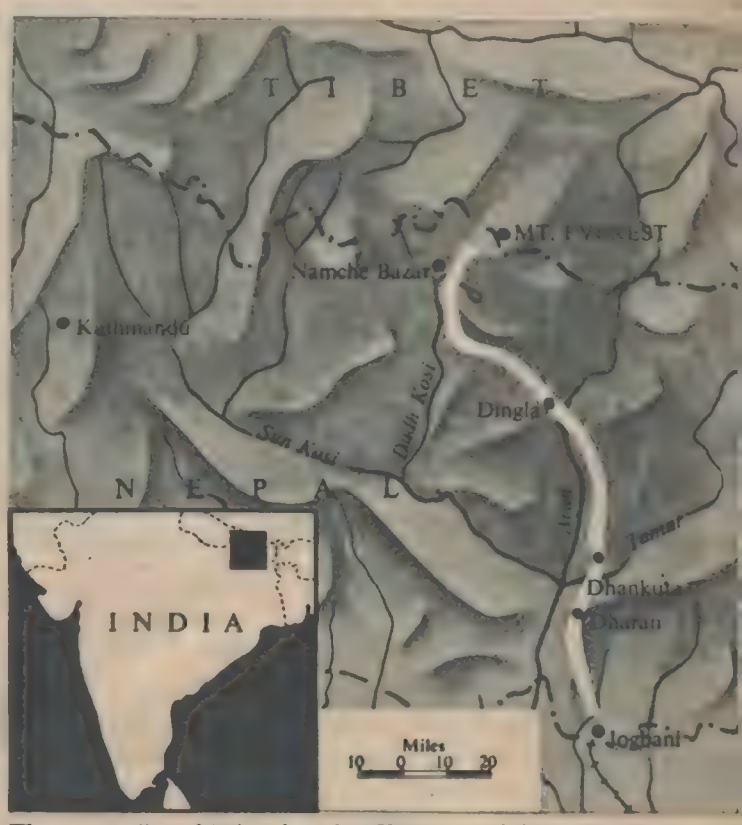
Bogged Down To The Axles

Relieved of its load, our truck clawed its way through to the other side, and there we loaded it up again. We continued as before. A dozen times we bogged down to the axles and a dozen times we pushed the truck out again. Finally, we arrived at Dharan at 11.30 p.m. It had taken us eleven hours to do the thirty miles.

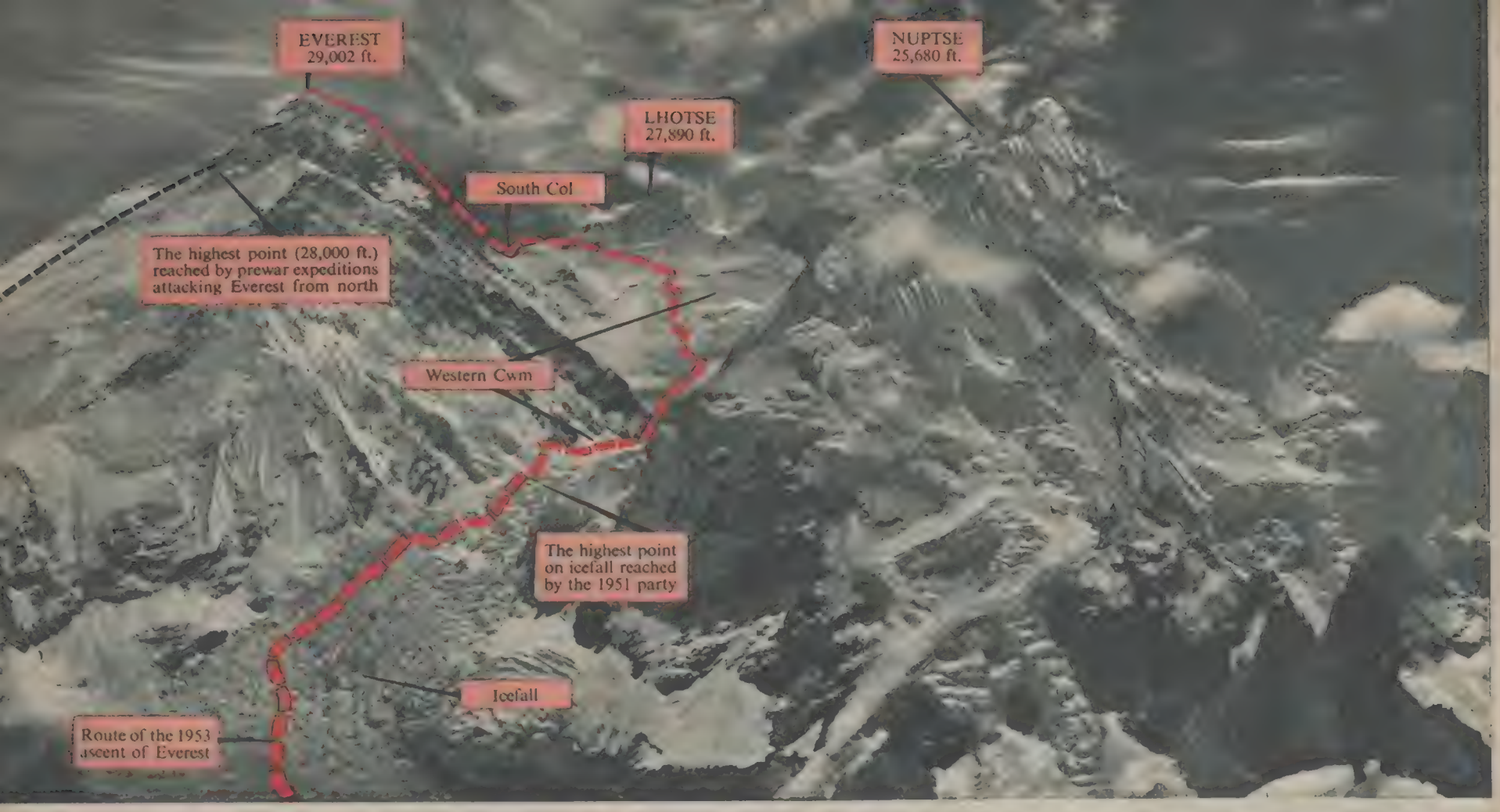
At Dharan the road stopped and there were only tracks leading into the hills. All our loads from now on would have to be carried by coolies. We spent the next day recruiting seventeen of them. On September 3 we left Dharan and for two days we travelled through a picturesque and hilly countryside until we came to the town of Dhankuta, magnificently situated on an airy ridge at four thousand feet.

The Governor of Dhankuta was very generous to us. He gave us the use of a small building in the cool pine forests surrounding his

Traversing this crevasse in the icefall near the Western Cwm, three climbers narrowly escaped death when the top slope started to avalanche



The route (in white) taken by Hillary and his companions on the march to Everest, 1951. The small map shows the area in relation to India



The historic view of Everest seen by Hillary (on the right) and Shipton from Pumori in 1951. From this point they saw that Everest might be scaled from the south—climbing to it up the hitherto unseen Western Cwm and Lhotse face. This discovery paved the way for the successful ascent in 1953

home and sent us some fruit, including a delicious pineapple. We asked his advice on the next stage of the journey. We wanted to go to the town of Dingla as quickly as possible in order to catch Shipton.

There were two routes—one on the west bank of the Arun river and the other on the east bank. The Governor consulted with his advisors. Apparently Shipton had followed the west bank as there were fewer big tributary rivers to ford. But if we were prepared to cross several very large rivers, the route up the east bank could save us several days. This was good news. Both Riddiford and I had a good deal of experience of crossing flooded rivers in New Zealand and we were quite prepared to have a go at getting the coolies over.

We put in another day's march and on the following morning came to the Arun valley. The path down to the valley was a very poor one. The hard clay had been polished by the rain and the surface was treacherous. We were only wearing rubber-soled tennis shoes, so we had to watch every step. Along this path we found our first leeches. These blood-sucking monstrosities infest the Himalayas during the monsoon and reach out blindly with their suckers at every warm-blooded creature.

Moan Of Rushing Waters

Halfway through the afternoon, we slithered down the last slopes to the floor of the valley. Barring our way was a side stream. In normal times it was probably a thin trickle, but now it was a respectable torrent. Using my ice-axe as a third leg, I inched out into it. The water, although barely knee-deep, plucked at my legs with the strength of a giant. I thought of the much larger rivers ahead and my heart sank.

The track continued on up beside the Arun river. And what a river it was! A great, turgid mass of water tearing its way with relentless fury down into the plains of India. Huge tree-trunks were sailing by faster than you could run and the whole valley was filled with the moan of rushing waters.

We had gone only another mile before we came to another side stream. This was a raging torrent. We decided to use a well tried method for getting across. Standing close together, we both held firmly to a horizontal ice-axe. Then shoulder to shoulder we entered the stream. Riddiford was upstream and the force of the water wrenched at him and almost carried his feet away. But I was protected from the main force of the current and could support him and drive us both to the other side. It was quite a struggle and we knew the coolies, who were now a long way behind, could never cross without assistance.

Appealed For Volunteers

The coolies at last arrived on the other side and by their wild gesticulations were obviously determined not to cross. But we were even more determined that they should. Off a nearby tree I cut a stick about seven feet long. Using this to support ourselves, Riddiford and I started to cross the stream again. When we were halfway over a sudden surge of water almost engulfed Riddiford, and I only just managed to support him. We reached the bank even wetter than before, if that were possible.

We appealed for a couple of volunteers to make the first crossing. For a while we had no response, but finally two men agreed to give it a go. We put them between us on the stick and moved down into the water. I could feel the coolie next to me shivering with fear and admired him for his courage. As the water plucked fiercely at us, I could hear his frightened gasps. But the combined strength of four of us enabled us to cross much more easily.

The other coolies gained a little courage from seeing their companions safely on the other side and we finally managed to persuade them all to follow suit. By that time, Riddiford and I had crossed the river about a dozen times and we were only too thankful to walk the few hundred yards to a village and camp there for the night.

Judging from our map, we were likely to strike one of the biggest rivers on the next day's march. Heavy rain could easily make it impassable. So, as soon as we had finished breakfast, Riddiford and I pushed on ahead, hoping to get to the large side stream before the rain started. It was a vain hope. Before long it was raining heavily. We rushed across a long tongue of sand, turned a corner, and there was the river. We stopped aghast. A great stream of water, fifty yards wide, was surging down in a series of big waves. On each bank little groups of coolies crouched miserably over their fires. Some of them had obviously been there for some days.

We decided we'd try to cross. Holding on to the ice-axe as before, we descended into the river. It got deeper and deeper. Before long it was up to our hips and the water was breaking around Riddiford like the bow wave of a destroyer. It was impossible for him to keep his feet all the time, but he was protecting me from the full force of the current and I managed to keep my feet on the bottom. We were certainly holding our own and we took a fierce joy in it, battling our way across in fine style.

Dashed Into The Torrent

We realized that our coolies weren't going to regard this crossing as a sport. They'd probably want to join all the other coolies and sit around for a week until the river went down. I went up into the bush with my ice-axe and cut out a heavy pole about twenty feet long. Two of us could carry it with comfort and it would give us weight and stability in the river. We stood uncomfortably around in the rain until all our coolies had arrived and gathered in a frightened, chattering bunch on the other side. Then we started to cross. The weight of our great pole forced us down on to the river bed and we churned our way over in a sheet of spray. It must have been an impressive sight and we hoped it would fill our coolies with confidence.

But far from it. We landed to a chorus of impassioned pleas ranging from a desire to sit and wait, to an outright request to be paid off. For half an hour we argued with them. Then the same two brave souls came to our rescue and offered to cross. Pasang came too and the five of us spread along the pole and then dashed into the torrent. It must have been an exciting trip for our passengers—the water always seemed to be up to their necks—but to us the

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Hillary's party cross a river near Beding on their return from Everest in 1951. On the approach march they had to ford rivers in full flood and battle with torrents that often reached their necks

Da Tensing, an Everest veteran and one of the 1951 Sherpa team, in his native dress

Edmund Hillary in May, 1954, when he led the attempt on Mt. Makalu. His face shows the strain of a severe illness which befell him shortly after he broke his ribs while helping to rescue a climber from a crevasse. A thirty-five year old New Zealand beekeeper, he was knighted in 1953 for his achievement on Everest. That year, he married and now has a baby son. Yet another adventure awaits him, for he is expected to join the proposed expedition that will explore the Antarctic.

On the right is Namche Bazar, a famous Sherpa village twenty miles from Everest. Here Shipton recruited porters and was warmly welcomed and fêted with *chang*, beer brewed from rice

'Mr. World' rules the beauty queens

by JOHN ENNIS

As self-appointed escort to the loveliest girls, Eric Morley needs tact and toughness. Organizing beauty contests puts him in the surtax class—but leaves him no time to find a wife

ERIC MORLEY, A THIRTY-SIX year old bachelor who stages Britain's most important beauty contests, was torn by a clash of interests one weekend last September. On the one hand, he had charge of sixteen beautiful girls from sixteen nations, competitors in the Miss World contest. On the other hand, Arsenal were playing at home.

From a job that, he says, keeps him happily occupied for an average of one hundred hours a week, Morley demands only one relaxation: to watch Arsenal whenever they play at home. "I insist on that," he says. "But it was dangerous to leave the girls alone at the weekend. That was the time they could get into mischief."

Morley ordered a coach, bundled fifteen protesting beauties inside, and sent them under escort to wait for him in the chilly stands at the Arsenal football ground. Then he settled down in the lounge of the girls' hotel to wait for the one who thought she had got away. The truant, Miss France, came in when she felt sure everyone had left. Morley politely walked her to his waiting car and drove her to the stadium.

The girls tried to get even by cheering for Arsenal's opponents, Burnley. Morley countered this by telling them Burnley wore red shirts—the Arsenal colour. The girls cheered for Arsenal through half the game, then realized their mistake. Sixteen lovely but contorted faces turned to the grinning Morley and shouted, "Mr. Morley, we *kill*."

Bouncing with youthful enthusiasm that matches his round, boyish face, Morley, a director of Mecca, Ltd., the catering and dance hall company, has been arranging beauty contests for five years with the idea of drawing more cash customers through Mecca dance hall doors. He has been largely responsible for the discovery of girls to bear the titles of Miss World, Miss England, Perfect Holiday Girl and Queen of Light. He has also promoted successful searches for Britain's Perfect Man, Britain's Best-Dressed Man, Britain's Perfect Pair, and The Hands of the Year. He is proud to be known as "Mr. World" in international beauty contest circles, but professes little interest in the fact that his income puts him in the surtax class.

At a heat in the "Miss Britain" contest, Eric Morley frees a jammed zip. He bans two-piece swim suits in the competitions he organizes

Refused £2,500 A Year

"Five years ago, when I had a basic salary of £520 a year, I turned down a job at £2,500 a year with a seven-year contract and offices overlooking Hyde Park," he says. "I have had one rise since then. I get £300 a year in directors' fees and also bonuses based on dance hall profits. If I work hard I make a lot of money, but money and hours don't bother me. I just like to work."

Since he began running beauty contests, Morley has not hesitated to threaten, persuade and intrigue to quell the temperamental tantrums of contestants. When Miss Egypt in the 1953 Miss World contest refused to attend a dinner, Morley chose to use tough tactics.

"A plane leaves for Paris at eight thirty this evening," he told the girl. "Either you get in the coach with the others, or you catch that plane."

But, Miss Egypt pleaded, she had a headache, she wasn't well.

"Right!" Morley snapped. "I can't have unfit girls in the competition. I'll order a taxi for the airport." Miss Egypt went to the dinner. At the end of the evening she kissed Morley and told him she had had a wonderful time.

Once, at a seaside contest, Morley had to face mass mutiny. A woman who was to chaperon the eventual winner to Palermo, Sicily, unwisely mentioned that she had a high regard for one of the contestants. Though the chaperon had no say in choosing the winner, her innocent remarks were built into a rumour that the contest was "fixed."

Believing they had no chance of winning, the other girls told Morley that they thought it a waste of time entering the final. "It was the first strike of bathing beauties in history," he says.

Morley acted swiftly. "I isolated the ringleader. I convinced her that the judges, stars from the local theatre, knew none of the girls." She capitulated.

The girl for whom the result was supposed to be arranged in advance was placed tenth. The judges awarded first place to the strike leader.

Beauty contests are an involved affair. Morley organizes the annual search for Miss England, who goes on to compete for the Miss Europe title. Miss Britain, who is selected by a newspaper, with Morley's help, enters for the Miss World final in London. Miss England draws a bye into the final of the Miss Britain contest. "So the same girl could win the lot," says Morley.

The Audience Gasped

If one girl did win all of these contests, she would get £1,600 cash tax free, win a silver rose bowl and a silver cup, be swept around for a year in a whirl of free gaiety and holidays, with suitable clothing provided, and probably end with a reasonably paid job as a fashion model.

What Morley calls "the great trek" towards these major events begins in February, with dozens of preliminary heats throughout Britain. The girls who reach the finals are well drilled in contest technique, but in the earlier heats anything can happen. A gasp, then a roar from the audience caused a judge to turn and look at twenty-eight girls as they came out for a preliminary contest in Scotland some years ago. He saw one girl wearing a swim suit with a startling neckline that plunged to her waist. The judge leaped up and pushed the girl into the wings.

"She was a country girl," says Morley. "She had never worn a swim suit before, and she had it on back to front. The other girls had noticed, but like little cats they just giggled and said nothing."

Though the Miss World event grew from Mecca's 1951 Festival Bikini Girl—"our contribution to the Festival of Britain"—Morley now bans two-piece swim suits in the contests which he handles. "They do not glorify the feminine figure," he primly explains.

There is a more commercial reason, too. Since he began gathering beauties from other countries, he has to be careful not to offend those nations which are shocked by the two-piece, otherwise his entries for the following year's Miss World contest might dwindle.

Intrigue Was Necessary

It was after a girl had returned to England complaining of men howling like wolves outside her hotel room that Morley decided that a man would make a better chaperon than a woman on Miss England's annual visit to Europe. "There's only one person who can manage the girls, and that's myself," he says. He took on the job.

He discovered that a certain amount of intrigue was necessary in the Miss Europe final. "The best girl wins, of course," he says, "but there is a lot of prestige to be gained from having your girl in the final six." When he discovered that the other chaperons, who also acted as judges, were getting together and saying, "You vote for mine, I'll vote for yours," Morley

Morley (seated, centre) is a judge in the preliminary stages of the "Miss England" contest. Once, his bathing beauties threatened to strike

was in his element. "I soon sounded the grapevine," he says. "I couldn't speak a word of any of the languages, but I got my girl in the final six. I had better sales experience than the others."

To be near his work headquarters, Morley lives in a small flat in the West End, where he presses his own trousers, lights his own fires and keeps the place clean. "I would never employ a servant," he says. "I learned to do these things in the army." Until six months ago, he used to scrub the kitchen floor every Sunday, but now a woman comes in to do this.

Orphaned at the age of eleven, Morley was put in a naval training ship. He learned the French horn and the violin, and at fifteen entered the army as a band boy. During the war, he gave up band work. In 1946, he left the army with the rank of captain.

Work as an entertainments officer gave him a taste for show business. The winter of 1947 found him touring the Scottish border with a van and a concert party of ten. He gave a show in local halls, then cleared away the chairs and held a dance. He sold tickets at the box office until five minutes before the show, then locked the cash away and handed over to another man. "I never left him with much money in case he ran out on me," says Morley.

His first job for Mecca was to arrange coach parties to the Lyceum dance hall in London from outlying districts. To do this he had to form a club because of petrol restrictions. "I thought I would put a bit of cultural interest in it," he recalls. "A visit to the British Museum or the Science Museum and an evening of dancing before going home." He called the club The National Educational and Social Club for Amateur Dancers. Soon, working from his home, he had five thousand members, organized in what he calls "local cells."

Directors of Mecca called him into the office. "Wind it up immediately," they ordered. Morley did so, without asking why. "Afterwards, I realized that if I had organized the dancers they might have become like a trade union and turned round and told us what to do," he said recently.

Sales Held At Dances

The directors brought him inside. "They decided to guide my energies," says Morley. "They gave me a secretary and an office, and a title—Publicity Sales Manager."

He brought a lively mind and hard-hitting methods to his new job. A typical example is the way he tackled falling attendances in the firm's dance hall in Belfast. He spent ten days in Belfast. He put in a new band. Realizing that working girls could not queue for bargains at sales, he persuaded shops to put on sales in the dance hall. "I got a queue right round the building."

He staged a hundred-mile cycle race, with the Lord Mayor as starter, for a trophy provided by a newspaper. Charts in the ballroom showed the riders' progress. The first four cycled another race, one mile on rollers, inside the dance hall. Attendance was six times the normal figure.

At the end of last year, the Mecca directors made Morley a director of their parent company and general manager of all their dance halls.

In spite of his usual toughness, Morley knows when to be gentle with his beauty contestants. In 1952, he sent the girls on a tour of the dance halls, leaving arrangements in the hands of local managers. In each town, they met the mayor or Lord Mayor, and visited a factory. Finally, the girls rebelled.

Morley flew to meet their plane at Belfast, where they were to meet the Lord Mayor. "It was freezing," he recalls. "They looked more like washed-out ducks than beauty queens. They glared at me."

Miss France and Miss Switzerland declared they were meeting no Lord Mayor. They were going to bed. Morley, who could see a minor international incident developing, said not a word.

While the girls were being shown their rooms at a hotel, he took a private suite. He had a blazing log fire built, ordered hot coffee for the girls, and went out and bought a huge teddy bear.

On his return, he handed it to Miss France as a mascot. Then he noticed that the other girls were saying, "She makes trouble and gets a reward." He shot out again and bought a lot of little bears. He gave one each to the girls. They were charming to the Lord Mayor.

An Ambition Realized

"It's a hard life, but you learn a lot," says Morley. "I haven't had a holiday since I came out of the army. That is why I am unmarried. What woman would marry me, knowing I am hardly ever free?

"I always had an ambition to do something that would capture the world's press. I expected it later in life, perhaps as a parliamentarian. But I have cuttings about the Miss World contest from every country this side of the Iron Curtain. I never see cuttings from countries on the other side."

THE END

LA FONTAINE

The lady and the hunter

by ***ROBERT C. RUARK***

ILLUSTRATED BY T. S. LA FONTAINE

Dukie McGunn had got it all taped. It wasn't the lions or buffaloes that finished off the hunters. It was women like Helen Maxwell . . .

MR. PERCIVAL EVELYN MCGUNN leaned against the bar of the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi and pounded with his glass. "Moussa!" he shouted in a voice that, with a favourable wind, might have been heard in Mombasa. "The other half for the warden and me, you damned heathen!"

"Yas, Bwana Dukie," Moussa said, sloshing a generous dollop of gin into Mr. McGunn's glass, seasoning it slightly with pink, and then conferring a less lusty portion on Mr. McGunn's companion.

The men clinked glasses; Mr. McGunn drank his gin in a gulp and wiped his bright red Guards moustache with the back of his hand. "Continue, Warden," he said. "As always, I am at your service."

Mr. McGunn—called Dukie because of the Swahili word for gun, *bunduki*—was quite a sight to see this fine, dim day in the moist grotto of the Norfolk's bar. He was wearing his safari-going, town-leaving costume, which was somewhat heroic.

His tunic was of red goatskin, mottled with startling black and white patches. A broad crocodile cartridge-belt encompassed his waist, and colobus-monkey fur holsters of silky black and white held two enormous .45 Colt revolvers. His trousers were of pale-gold buckskin, and on the back of his head he wore a rakish bush hat, its crown girdled by a five-inch leopard-tail hatband.

As a professional hunter—and a popular one—for the firm of Farr & Browning, Safaris, Ltd., Dukie McGunn believed that a man owed a certain debt of glamour to his clients, who would be paying in the neighbourhood of fifty quid a day for the privilege of being bitten by tsetse flies, of being frightened by rhino, and of providing Mr. McGunn's daily ration of a bottle of gin.

In the bush he would carefully place his fancy-dress clothes in his battered tin trunk and scream for Juma, the headman, to lay out his shabby old green drill bush jacket with the bullet loops, and his old drill trousers. But right now Dukie McGunn was on stage, centre. He was what Nairobi sarcastically called Going on Safari into Trackless, Secret Bush, and the clients must necessarily be stunned with admiration.

Sipping delicately at his drink, the warden said, "Look, McWeapon, I can tell from your

Coolly and deliberately, she gave Dukie a kiss. He nearly fainted. "I think we'd best get back to camp," he said nervously

get-up that F. & B. has entrusted another sucker to your care, at heaven knows what margin of profit. I suppose you'll be going into the Masai?"

"Indeed, yes," said Mr. McGunn, hammering with his glass again and glaring over his moustache at Moussa. "It's a photographic safari, chiefly. Some people from Chicago or Texas or a similar suburb of the United States. I believe the old boy manufactures padlocks or margarine, or is in oil. He wants to shoot a buffalo, and take pictures of himself being brave in front of lions."

THE warden said, "You can do me a small service, if you will. I must be off to England and I won't be able to get back into the Masai. My second fellow broke his leg the other day, and I've just got a message on the telephone from Narok that old Tiberius is on his last legs.

"He's taken to sneaking outside the fly area to clobber a few Masai cattle. Next you know he'll be working on the Masai themselves, and Government will want me to be shooting *all* my lions. Poor old beggar, I suppose he does want killing. I should have put him away the last time I saw him—he was feeble enough to warrant it—but I hadn't the heart. He's my special pet."

"Tiberius?" Dukie murmured.

"You know the one I mean. He's the one that you can hand-feed for picture purposes. The one that'll jump in the back of a lorry if you shove a zebra haunch into it. I want you to shoot him, if you see the poor old fellow."

"Of course," Dukie McGunn said. "Of course I remember Tiberius. He's the one that comes running when you fire a gun, looking for his dinner. I expect I've taken a thousand pictures of him since you people closed the fly area to cat shooting. Hallo—here comes Paddle. I expect my new charges await without, panting for action.

"Have a drink, Paddle, if you've got the price of three," McGunn said to his apprentice hunter, Mr. Anthony Rowbottom, who had been cursed from earliest infancy with the nickname of Paddle. Even the natives as far away as Tabora in Tanganyika or Lokuta in Uganda knew him only as Bwana Paddle.

BWANA PADDLE was a tall, fair youth of some twenty-three years. He executed the more menial chores of professional hunting for his master, Mr. McGunn, chores such as repairing broken axles or replacing spring leaves when the lorry leaped into a pig hole and wounded herself—such chores as Mr. McGunn felt unbecoming to the glamour of his station.

Young Mr. Rowbottom's one ambition was to complete his apprenticeship and then obtain a status of senior hunter, with his own outfit, in any location that was far from Mr. McGunn. Mr. McGunn had successfully blocked his ambition for two years. He said that these young chaps were altogether too keen; they wanted to be off on their own before they could tell a leopard's track from a hyena's, and he, Dukie, would take no part in such madness.

"They're ready, Dukie," Paddle said. "They've bought out the African Bootshop and all of Ahmed's fancy clothes. They've got nine cameras and at least eleven guns. One of them is a thirty-thirty Marlin carbine, although heaven knows what they intend to shoot with it out here."

"What are their names?" Dukie asked, although he had known name, sex, pedigree and livelihood since a year and six months ago, when the safari was first booked.

"Maxwell," Paddle said. "John and Helen. He's about fifty. She's about thirty-five. Not a

Growling ferociously, the lion charged at their car. As it leaped into the air, its teeth bared and claws poised, Maxwell fired

bad looker." He seems a pleasant enough bloke. Both of them mad to be off. Sitting outside in the Land-Rover now, gnawing on their nails."

"I suppose we really must be off," Mr. McGunn said, draining his glass, hitching his holsters slightly forward and settling his hat a touch more dramatically on his brow. "Have a good leave, Warden. I'll stifle my finer sentiments and do poor Tiberius for you." He strode to the door, and his magnificence uplifted every tea-drinking head on the Norfolk veranda.

At the age of forty-seven Mr. McGunn was still some six feet of impressive man. It had often been said of him, among the hunters who gathered in the Regal Grill, that Mr. McGunn had invented himself on purpose. This was properly damned as professional jealousy by Mr. McGunn, when the report reached him. Because, in truth—in wet years or dry, long grass or short—if a really impressive elephant or a forty-eight-inch buff got collected by a client, it always seemed to be Mr. McGunn's client who collected it. Dukie was intolerant of mediocre heads, even if it meant occasionally slipping illegally across the road into a national park to collect a superb one.

It is a long, dusty, bumpy, uninteresting, uncomfortable drive from where the track turns off the tarmac of the Nakuru road to Narok, and the Masai Reserve. The lava dust drifts like snow and creeps into your teeth. Except for a few bedraggled Thomson's gazelles and an occasional Grant's gazelle, there is no game. For sixty horrible miles there is nothing to see but a few whistling thornbushes and an infrequent buzzard.

For years, Dukie had used this four-hour interval to brief his clients on what he expected of them in the way of behaviour, and to impress them with the notability of his own career. Dukie and Mrs. Maxwell were leading the way in his Land-Rover, which was as bedecked as Dukie himself, including a buffalo skull and horns mounted on the radiator. Paddle and Mr. Maxwell were following in another Land-Rover, poaching Dukie's dust.

"And there I was," Dukie was saying, "flat on the ground on my—on my posterior. I had both hands on the rhino's horn, and both feet in his face. As the old devil was battering me along, hammering me about while I waited for someone to come and shoot it loose from me, all I could think of was that the horn was *longer* than I thought when I told the client to shoot it."

"My!" Mrs. Maxwell said admiringly. "And what finally happened?"

"Nothing very much," Dukie said modestly. "I suppose I must have worn it down a bit, from hanging on to its snout. It died of its wounds and collapsed into me lap. Took three gunbearers and a lever to pry the creature off."

MRS. MAXWELL gasped. "Heavens! Oh, how awful! And what a dreadfully dangerous way to earn a living—professional hunting, I mean. Are you sure there's no danger for us with all these animals?"

"Not," said Mr. McGunn, steering the Land-Rover over a boulder, "so long as you do as I say when we're actually in the bush and among the game. I've never lost a client yet." Mr. McGunn chuckled loudly. "I must remember that one. Never lost a client yet. Jolly good, what?"

"Very," Mrs. Maxwell said. "May I light you a cigarette?"

Helen Maxwell gazed about at the massive blue hills and the dusty plain of the Rift valley. Over toward her right, Longonot, the crater, was wreathed beautifully in cloud and reddened by the afternoon sun. A bright blue jay flew across the track, perched in a thornbush and screamed at her. A brace of doves flew ahead of the Land-Rover, fluttering to light in the dusty track and taking off again as the little hunting car bumped closer.

The gunbearers and a Swahili car boy were perched like monkeys on the mass of guns, cameras, lunchboxes and similar gear that was packed into the tiny back seat of the car. She sneaked another peep at the Africans. One of the bearers, with huge holes in his ear lobes, lobes so big that he tucked them over the tops of his ears, caught her glance and smiled horribly, exposing sharply-filed teeth.

Mrs. Maxwell shuddered. Dukie glanced quickly at his new client, and was pleased. She was quite pretty. She was a little, pouter-pigeonish woman in her middle thirties, with a trim plump figure, a turned-up nose, and very wide-set blue eyes.

Her safari clothes fitted her neatly and didn't do anything seriously wrong to her body. Dukie noticed that her chin, while nicely rounded, had rather more determination to it than he himself fancied in females. I'll wager, he thought, that I know precisely who runs the Maxwell household.

HELEN MAXWELL looked at Dukie as he drove sternly along, speaking now of a native uprising, again of a witch doctor he had been forced to combat in black magic, again of the lion he had knocked unconscious with one punch, and the leopard he had fought off with a stalk of sugar cane.

She decided that he was rather a striking figure, with his roan moustache blowing upward in the breezes, his blue eyes squinting against the sun, and his bush hat upcurling in the wind like the hat of a pony-express rider at full gallop. Really a very impressive man. And those stories! What a brave fellow he must be!

In the other Land-Rover, John Maxwell was doing most of the talking while Paddle pushed the car along a half mile behind his boss. Maxwell was a sturdy, red-cheeked man with grey hair and steel-rimmed spectacles. He came from Montclair, New Jersey, where he manufactured piston rings and lived in a house worth at least two hundred thousand dollars—if you counted his stamp collection and his wife's Meissen ware. He and Helen Maxwell had been married sixteen years. They had two children, a boy and a girl, both of whom were away at boarding school.

"It's the first real vacation—long vacation, that is—that we've ever had," John Maxwell said. "Of course, we've been to Europe a few times, and to Florida and Bermuda and Mexico, but never for more than a few weeks. I've been promising myself this trip a long time. I don't want to shoot very much, but I would rather like to go after buffalo, to see if I'd be as scared as they say. I don't think I'd run. But I don't know."

"Some run, some don't," Paddle said. "Bloke never knows until the situation arises. Whether you run or don't has got very little to do with your head or your heart. Your legs take over."

"Well, I'd like to find out for myself," Maxwell said. "This is wonderful country, isn't it? So big!"

"You're in the M.M.B.A., now," Paddle said. "It's what we call Miles and Miles of Bloody Africa. See over the edge of the escarpment there, where she sweeps down? That'll be Narok. We'll stop for petrol in the Indian *duka*, and then push on to camp. Dukie sent the lorry and the boys on ahead. We'll camp on the edge of the Loita plains, somewhere close to Majimoto, and see if we can't find you a leopard. Place is stiff with 'em."

It was not quite dark when the little convoy bumped across a plain and entered the green woods that rimmed the river. Juma, the head boy, had the camp nearly erected. Helen Maxwell thought it looked lovely, just like in the movies. The green sleeping tents were up. The mess tent, with two sides open to the breezes, was already stacked with provision boxes. A huge fire was burning brightly in the centre of an inviting circle of canvas easy chairs.

Tantalizing smells were beginning to come from another fire a good distance away, where old Aly, the cook, was fussing around the stones that formed his stove. Juma, dressed in a white *kanzu*, with a red-and-gold bolero jacket over it and a gold-and-white fez on his head, was bustling about the drink table, which looked beautiful with its bottles of whisky, gin, beer and assorted bright-coloured fruit squashes.

"*Campi*," Dukie said expansively, with a sweep of his arm, as he reined the Land-Rover, bucking, to a halt. "Welcome to your new home, Mem-sahib Maxwell. Now, how about a wash, a spot of pain-killer, and some *chakula*? Juma, *bathi*!"

Juma bowed and scuttled off to supervise the preparation of the baths. Dukie gestured at the drink table and Paddle mixed long limes all round. They sat in front of the fire, watching the sunset light up the lovely mottled-yellow trunks of the fever trees, glowing rosily on the big boulders that littered the sandy river bed, shining dark red and purple on the distant hills. A small troop of impala, seeming bright gold and long-horned in the evening light, merged with a herd of Thomson's gazelle and a few zebras down by the thin trickle of water.

Off in the bush there was a loud grunt, a

Mrs. Maxwell was deadly pale. She looked at

Dukie with bitter dislike. "You had a nerve," she told him, "leaving us alone in this zoo"

scream, and a steady panting sound like the noise a crosscut saw makes when it passes through green wood.

Dukie nodded knowingly. "Leopard," he said. "Just belted a baboon. The grunt and the squeal was the baboon. That sawing sound was the leopard."

Helen Maxwell, after washing in the canvas tub, put on heavy pyjamas, a dressing-gown and mosquito boots, and sat down to a rather magnificent meal, served with flourishes by Juma, Yussuf and Mohammed, the personal boys. She gasped with delight when Juma brought in dessert, which turned out to be *crêpes Suzettes*.

That night Helen Maxwell did not sleep. Hyenas ringed round the tents and roared, laughed, giggled, screamed, grunted, yelled, shouted and wept. The lions roared, no more than half a mile away. The zebras screamed. The birds clamoured. The baboons cursed the leopards, and the leopards cursed the baboons.

It was a horrible cacophony of unidentifiable sound, and Helen Maxwell shivered under her mosquito netting and wept a little. John Maxwell snored. Helen Maxwell, wife of sixteen years, hated John Maxwell. She hated Africa too, but mostly she hated John Maxwell for snoring while she wept.

The next morning she was still hating him, but not so much. By lunch she was beginning to enjoy herself, and by dinner-time, after a ride around the animal-cluttered plains, she was beginning to love the safari.

She rode with Dukie in the Land-Rover, and marvelled at the skill with which he steered it over rocks, around holes, up mountains and across water. She marvelled at his knowledge of natural history, his identification of shrubs, animals, birds and insects. She marvelled at his casual, running shot on a wart hog, which he needed for leopard bait. Dukie shot it coolly through the head at about two hundred yards.

He chose his leopard tree meticulously, although it seemed to Helen Maxwell to be much the same as any other of a thousand trees. He supervised the building of the brush blind with the assurance of an architect.

"The leopard won't come tonight," he said. "He'll come tomorrow. He'll feed a little then, and more the next night. On the third afternoon he'll have complete confidence in the kill, and we'll clobber him that day."

It was exactly as he said. The leopard arrived on the third day at about five in the afternoon. The light was good enough for Helen Maxwell to shoot four or five minutes of colour film before the big, beautiful golden cat stirred restlessly and then leaped to a higher, shaded fork, where he stood proudly erect and stared straight into the blind through cold, evil, killer's eyes. Helen thought that the Devil would have eyes like that, and shivered.

Dukie touched her husband on the arm. John Maxwell, shooting from a steady rest in a forked stick, fired. The bullet knocked the leopard off the limb, but it hit the ground running and was away into the bush.

"Too bad," Dukie said. "You hit him, but you got him too far back. You and the missus can wait in the Land-Rover. I'll take two of the boys and nip into the bush and collect him. Matheke! *Toa shottygun na tia buckshot.*"

The car boy drove up from where he had been waiting for the sound of the shot.

"*Na piga,*" Dukie said, unsnapping the barrels of the shotgun and checking the loads. "*Kuenda piga ku fa.* Where's the damned blood track?"

"Here, bwana," the gunbearer said. "He went in over here."

"I wounded it," John Maxwell said. "Shouldn't I go in after it, too?"

"I'd rather you didn't," Dukie said. "It's perishing thick in that stuff. Generally somebody gets scratched up when the cat comes, because when he comes he comes so fast you can barely see him. I'll have enough to do just looking after the boys and me. You and *mem-sahib* stay here, and I'll haul him out of the bush by the tail."

Looking pale and shaken, John Maxwell drank from the water bag and sat in the Land-Rover. His wife sat beside him. Neither said anything. Dukie McGunn, following two gun-bearers with the shotgun ready in his hands, plunged into the bush.

Dukie had been gone about twenty minutes when they heard the double roar of the shotgun. Ten minutes later he came out, one sleeve ripped to shreds and bloody streaks on his arm. The gunbearers were carrying the leopard.

"Blighter came in a hurry," Dukie said, handing the shotgun to the car boy. "Took a piece off my shoulder. We'll just nip back and slap a little sulfa on the scratches. These animals have filthy claws, due to eating carrion."

John Maxwell looked at the dead leopard and then at his wife and then at Dukie McGunn. He said nothing.

It was the same with the buffalo, only worse. After they'd moved off the Loita plains, they went up into the hills of the tsetse-fly area where buffalo hunting was permitted. Quite naturally shaken by a stampede of the enormous beasts, Maxwell, when he finally shot one, hit it aft, and away it went into the thorn.

Dukie went after it and it charged him from behind a bush. He had to shoot it at about six feet. John Maxwell did not speak to his wife, nor did his wife speak to John Maxwell for a day after that.

Helen Maxwell began to invent excuses not to hunt with her husband, even when they were taking pictures of lions. John Maxwell went out with Paddle. Helen went out, when she hunted at all, only with Dukie McGunn.

It was the lion incident that tore it. Dukie had driven up to within ten feet of a pride of lions feeding on a zebra, and Helen was taking pictures when suddenly one of the lions got hostile and made a pass at the Land-Rover, whose top had been jettisoned and whose doors had been taken off. The lion was practically in Helen Maxwell's lap when Dukie slapped it in the face with his hat and veered the car at top speed with his other hand.

They stopped later for a drink of water and Helen Maxwell walked deliberately around the

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GOOD MORNING... WHATEVER THE NEWS!

IT'S ALL WAITING for you, the post and the daily paper—*and* your bowlful of Kellogg's wonderful golden Corn Flakes, of course. Somehow you'll find the morning's a bright one, whatever the weather or the news, when you taste these deliciously crisp, deep-toasted flakes, with sugar and milk. Try some and see the difference it makes.

MORE PEOPLE EAT KELLOGG'S MOST

ALL KELLOGG'S CEREALS ARE GOOD TO EAT, ANY TIME!

Off the Irish coast, a pump is lowered to aid a listing steamer. Sutherland (right) will use anything—even parts of his tug—to keep a ship afloat

Skipper Sutherland fights the sea for its spoils

by DAVID MILLWOOD

In raging seas and rocky channels his salvage tug rescues helpless ships. But his fiercest battle is often with rivals

AT 2 A.M. ON APRIL 12, 1951, Herbert Sutherland, skipper of the salvage tug Salveda, was called out of bed by an urgent message. The thirteen thousand ton Swedish tanker Oljaren had run aground at Muckle Skerry in the Pentland Firth, between Scotland and the Orkneys. Thirty minutes later, the Salveda was racing to the spot with a salvage party.

Sutherland, a quietly confident Scot, has a reputation for tackling jobs that other sailors have declared hopeless, and for manoeuvring his tug in dangerous waters "as though he has wheels on her." He knew that the chances of saving the tanker were not promising. Fierce tides up to nine knots, whirlpools and overfalls make the Pentland Firth notorious. No ship had ever been rescued from this treacherous, rocky strait.

But the Oljaren, worth with her cargo about a million pounds, was a temptation. A Dutch salvage tug dashed across from the Continent to be first on the scene. The impact had torn open the bottom of the Oljaren and made great gashes in her plates fore and aft. The Dutchmen took one look and decided the ship was doomed.

When Sutherland arrived, he prepared to take a chance; if the ship could be lightened she might be refloated by compressed air. The first part of the operation went well. The salvage party which Sutherland put aboard worked continuously for eighteen days, pumping out half the cargo—six thousand tons of diesel oil—and injecting compressed air into the empty cargo tanks. On the morning of April 30 the ship was ready to be refloated. But the weather had worsened and there was danger that if she were not hauled off at once the ship would be lost.

Sutherland tried repeatedly to bring the tug through mountainous seas to pass a tow-line, without success. From the wheelhouse, he shouted over the loud-hailer that he would make one last try in fifteen minutes.

Passed Tow-line By Hand

"His timing was perfect," says Hugh Allen, a diver with the salvage party. "He waited, watching the tide carefully, then dashed in to us stern first, coming so close that the crew passed the tow-line hand to hand. It was magnificent seamanship. As a result, the tanker was pulled off and towed to safety."

The owners' award for the salvaging of the Oljaren, based on the value of the ship and cargo saved, was £750,000. Sutherland's firm, Metal Industries (Salvage), Ltd., gave him a bonus of £250.

Forty-nine years old, more than six feet tall and powerfully built, Captain Herbert Sutherland has spent thirty years in salvage work and has helped to save hundreds of ships around the shores of the British Isles, from a small motor trawler adrift in the North Sea to a 27,000 ton battleship 150 feet below the surface of Scapa Flow. A mistake on his part may cost his firm hundreds of thousands of pounds, for most salvage work is undertaken on a "no cure, no pay" basis.

As a rule, the tug which arrives first secures the job. Metal Industries have informants all round Britain's coastline, who supply immediate

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JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

'TINGLING-FRESH'

-and that means healthy gums

Fresh as ice

Tingling-fresh! Ice-fresh! SR means sparkling whiteness for your teeth . . . pure sweet breath. And for your gums, that tingling freshness means even more . . . it's a tingle of health.

For SR does more

Yes, more than freshness. That tingle on your gums tells you that brushing with SR is doing them good. For the tingle comes from SR's Sodium Ricinoleate, a substance that has been proved beneficial to the gums. So brush with SR and toughen them up to resist infection.

No wonder SR is the biggest-selling toothpaste of them all! **1'7 and 2'5**

Ice-fresh, tingling-fresh for teeth and gums

TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND POUNDS

by ARTHUR GORDON

ILLUSTRATED BY FOX

It was the biggest deal he had ever pulled off. He'd buy a new car, presents for all the family. . . . Oh, what a wonderful day!

HE CAME INTO his office with such an exuberant air that Miss Nolan, his secretary, knew instantly that the lunch had been a success, that the long negotiations were over, that somehow he had pulled off the deal. She stood up quickly, feeling his triumph almost as if it were her own.

She said breathlessly, just so that he could have the pleasure of telling her, "How did it go, Mr. Stevens?"

"Wonderful, Millie!" Robert Stevens sailed his hat at the rack. He missed, but he didn't care. "I think the second whisky did it. Anyway, it's all set. They'll take eleven thousand motors at two pounds apiece. Did you hear that?—a twenty-two thousand pound order! Cavanagh said he'll confirm it by telegram this afternoon." He gave a laugh that was excited, boyish almost. "Gosh, I never dreamed I'd get away with it. They've always bought their small electrical components from Wyatts." His eyes sparkled. "But this time. . . ."

"Oh, Mr. Stevens!" Miss Nolan's rather homely face was bright with enthusiasm. "I'm so glad."

Stevens had picked up the family photograph from his desk, was gazing at it fondly. "Thanks, Millie. I knew you'd be pleased." He put the photograph down. "Is Mr. Jefferson in? I can hardly wait to see his face when he hears about this. No, wait." He stopped her as she reached for the telephone. "I'll wait until the telegram comes in. Then I'll just walk in and lay it on his desk. Twenty-two thousand pounds! It's the biggest order I've ever. . . ." He checked himself, grinning. "You don't think I'm dreaming, do you?"

"I've never seen you wider awake, Mr. Stevens!"

Robert Stevens pulled out his wallet suddenly. "Millie, I hate to ask you to run personal errands for me, but this time—well, perhaps you wouldn't mind. Down at Beaumont's—you know, the big jewellers' on the corner—there's a lady's wrist-watch. Platinum, set with little diamonds. My wife fell in love with it one day when we were window-shopping. Tell Mr. Blake—he's the manager and he knows which one I mean—tell him I want it. Here, I'll write a little note—he knows me. I'll pay for it tomorrow—if the lady likes it."

"Oh, Mr. Stevens!" Miss Nolan sounded thrilled. "Of course she'll like it!"

"Here." He handed her the letter and two

He leaned back, dreaming of his homecoming, of the children, of Barbara's face when he gave her the wrist-watch and the orchids . . .

pound notes. "Stop at that little florist's, too, will you? Get me some flowers to go with it—maybe a couple of orchids."

Miss Nolan reached for her improbable-looking hat. "I'll go right away." She locked her desk from force of habit, and turned towards the door.

"And, Millie—"

"Yes, Mr. Stevens?"

"Get yourself a flower, too!"

When she was gone, he sat down at his desk, pulled a note-pad towards him. He had already calculated his commission a dozen times in his head, but he wanted to see the numerals written out, black on white, real, unmistakable.

He stared at the total, fascinated. It was by far the largest single sum he had ever earned. And yet, it wasn't the money itself that fascinated him; it was what the money would enable him to do for Barbara and the kids.

He pulled the top sheet off the note-pad and crumpled the paper slowly, trying to visualize Barbara's face when he handed her the boxes containing wrist-watch and orchids. He had thought of telephoning her from the restaurant, but had resisted the impulse. Better to tell her personally.

Not that Barbara cared much about money as such. But there were small debts to be cleaned up, the old washing-machine to be replaced. And the refrigerator was giving trouble. Then there was the plan, so long deferred now, for building a room over the garage. Or how about a new car? Or having the whole house repainted?

He laughed out loud suddenly, amused and delighted at the torrent of expensive ideas that flashed through his mind. The first thing to do, obviously, would be to work out how much of his commission would go in tax. Quite a slice, probably. Even so, there would be a lot left. . . .

They would plan it carefully, he decided. They wouldn't rush it; everybody's needs would be taken into consideration.

He leaned back, focusing on each of the children in turn. Phyllis, the fourteen-year-old, gay, temperamental, pretty—like her mother. Somewhat self-centred at the moment, but maybe that was part of the miraculous transformation from child into woman. Keen on tennis (new rackets, new outfit, he thought) and wanting desperately to go to dances (dance frock).

The boys needed no such dress refinements—at least, not yet. Johnny and Michael, eleven and nine respectively, devoted friends, passionate enemies, model aircraft fanatics, television critics, school story devourers, present barbarians and future rulers of the universe. Michael might like a microscope; he had a mysterious urge to collect insects and beetles, which he kept, to the despair of his elder sister, in containers that never contained them for long.

A microscope for Michael? Possibly. But maybe it would be better just to take both the boys sailing during the summer. A boat! Just the three of them for one blissful, masculine week.

And then there was Barbie. Robert Stevens's face softened at the thought of his seven-year-old. It was traditional, he knew, for a father to have a weakness for his youngest. Well, in his case it was true. He could not say exactly why; indeed, he would have denied it strenuously had anyone asked if he had a preference. But there was something about Barbie that melted his heart, something about her snub nose, skinned knees, grubby paws, flying braids, and absolutely insatiable eagerness to be part of everything that went on. Not a big part. Just a small, wriggling, enthusiastic part.

She had a rough time, did Barbie. The boys scorned her, deplored and excluded her as a mere girl. Phyllis treated her with the remote condescension of visiting royalty. But she never got her feelings hurt, never seemed to resent the snubs or the exclusions.

What to get for Barbie? A bicycle? A puppy? Clearly, it would take some thought.

Robert Stevens looked at his watch. It was after three o'clock. The telegram could hardly arrive before four. He pulled a folder of unanswered correspondence towards him, then pushed it away. The truth was, he was too excited to work. So why work? Why not go to the barber's for the haircut he had been needing? No use fidgeting around here.

In half an hour he was back. Miss Nolan had the wrist-watch and the flowers ready for his inspection.

"They're fine," he told her. "Just right. That gardenia looks awfully nice on you, too. Telegram come yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Stevens."

"Give a shout when it does, will you?"

But the telegram did not come. At 4.45, Robert Stevens said, a little uneasily: "Try the reception desk, will you, Millie? Maybe they've got it down there. And if not, ring the central post office, please, and see if they've had a message for me, signed by Cavanagh."

He waited, tapping his fingers on the blotter, feeling a small, chill wind of apprehension blow between his shoulder blades. *Don't get excited now*, he said to himself; *don't get into a flap*. Maybe Cavanagh was delayed a bit in sending the wire, that was all. Maybe. . . .

Miss Nolan reappeared, her face reflecting some of the anxiety he felt. "Nothing at the reception desk, Mr. Stevens. Or at the post office."

Robert Stevens moved the square green florist's box until it was exactly centred on the blotter. "Better get Cavanagh on the phone, I think."

But again the results were negative. "Mr. Cavanagh is in conference," Miss Nolan reported. "At least, that's what his secretary says." Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

"Leave word for him to ring me back. Tell her I'll wait here for the call. Try to make her understand that it's important; that. . . ."

He broke off, hearing the panic in his own voice, not wanting Miss Nolan to hear it, too. *In conference*—the old evasive phrase, the classic device for avoiding an unwanted call. And yet there were such things as late afternoon office meetings.

He said slowly: "You'd better give my wife a ring, too, Millie. Tell her I won't be on the usual train. Tell her I don't know how late I'll be."

He didn't want to speak to Barbara himself. Not yet. Not until he knew.

At 5.30 they rang Cavanagh's office again and they got the same answer. At 5.50 they tried once more. This time the message was different. Mr. Cavanagh had left for the day.

Miss Nolan said, over the gardenia pinned so bravely to her shoulder: "Shall I try to get him at home, Mr. Stevens?"

He shook his head. "He wouldn't be there yet. You could look up the number for me, then run along."

"I'm in no hurry, Mr. Stevens. I—I have nothing to do."

He knew what she was trying to say. That she was sorry. That she was on his side. That she would sit there until midnight if it would do any good, trying to back him up, trying to help him. He knew that, and the knowledge kindled a little spark of warmth that lasted for a moment.

"Thanks, Millie," he said, "but there's no point in both of us sweating it out. I'm sure everything will be all right. You run along."

When she was gone, he moved over to the window. Grey as wood smoke, twilight was settling over the city. If the deal were off, surely Cavanagh would have told him. He wouldn't just try to dodge. Or—would he?

Abruptly, he turned, picked up the phone and dialled Cavanagh's home number. He stood there, listening to the sharp, recurrent buzz. For a full minute he waited. No answer.

He put the phone down slowly. Cavanagh was a bachelor. He might go home or he might not. Probably stop for a drink somewhere at one of the many fancy clubs he belonged to. There was the Silver Slipper, the Black Cat, the Mango Tree. . . .

Robert Stevens pushed some papers into his brief-case, closed it. He picked up the small box that contained the wrist-watch, hesitated, then placed it in the top drawer of the desk. It wasn't his, he hadn't earned it—yet. The flowers? Well, he would have to take the flowers. Perhaps the cause for celebration still existed.

Of course it did! His mouth tightened. One thing was certain, he wasn't going home until he found out.

Cavanagh was not at the Silver Slipper. He wasn't at the Black Cat, either. At seven o'clock he tried Cavanagh's home number again. Still no answer. He decided to eat something

Barbie was sleeping soundly, her face serene

Looking down at her, he knew that here was all he needed to soothe and comfort him. Slowly, he felt the frustrations of the day draining away

and try again at eight. If he missed the 8.06 train, he knew, he would have to wait for the 9.55, a miserable local that took over an hour to get to his station. But such inconvenience seemed a minor matter now.

He went to a restaurant, and tried to eat. His mind kept doubling back like a frightened rabbit, selecting and then rejecting theories, possibilities, explanations. Had Cavanagh exceeded his authority? Surely not. Had some doubt arisen in his mind as to the quality of the motors, or the capacity of Stevens's firm to deliver them? Impossible. Had he simply forgotten to send the telegram of confirmation? Maybe that was it. After a couple of double whiskies, a minor lapse of memory was certainly possible.

At eight o'clock, he telephoned again. Still no answer. He stood for a moment, irresolute, then came out of the restaurant telephone box, retrieved his brief-case and the box of flowers. The Mango Tree was only three or four hundred yards away. He would walk there, see if the doorman could give him any clue as to Cavanagh's whereabouts. Failing that, he would just sit in the small entrance hall until. . .

The doorman did give him a clue. The Athletic Club, that was where Mr. Cavanagh often went for dinner, and a game of cards afterwards. If he was playing poker, he'd likely be late. But perhaps a telephone call. . . .

Cavanagh came at last to the phone, a little thick of speech, a little hilarious. Then abruptly embarrassed, and annoyed at the cause of his embarrassment, and covering the annoyance with a kind of hollow heartiness.

"Oh, it's you, Bob. I never got a chance to call you back, tied up all afternoon! Look, Bob, this is a hell of a thing, but. . . . Well, I saw Blodget after lunch, told him about the order I'd given you, and the old boy just hit the ceiling! Seems his son-in-law's been living for years on the commission he gets from Wyatt's. . . . What? Yes, that's right, Blodget's son-in-law works for Wyatt's. Not a damn thing I could do, Bob. I can't afford to antagonize—well, I just had to write you a note saying it was no go, the deal was off. You'll get it in the morning. Look, I feel pretty bad about the whole thing. But one of these days we'll make it up to you. No hard feelings, are there, Bob? Listen, why don't you let me buy you a drink after work tomorrow?"

Robert Stevens hung up. . . .

It was after eleven when his train got in. He walked home from the station, the box of orchids under his arm, his footsteps loud in the quiet streets. Around him, the damp night air. Overhead, the cool, indifferent glitter of the stars. And inside him, still, the dull, sick ache that was like a clenched fist just below his breastbone.

Soon he would be home now. It would be a relief to tell Barbara, have someone to share the disappointment with, someone who would understand. Or could she? Could even Barbara understand? He knew what she would say: all the comforting things that she could think of. That it was only money. That they hadn't lost

Continued on page 40

At an infra-red oven, Williams (right) plans an experiment. When gloves were used in a test, they blew up. Before going into the oven, they had been soaked in spirit

Infra-red rays help to shape nylon stockings. They also glaze policemen's whistles, and cook steaks in a minute

Science turns on the heat with magic rays

by JOHN HARMAN

Infra-red rays turn time into money. They put a gloss on lipstick and dry the paint on cars. For Leonard Williams they meant his trickiest job—repairing the Royal coach

WHEN THE STATE COACH was being prepared for the Coronation procession in 1953, it was feared that the Queen would have an uncomfortable ride. The wheels had lost their roundness with age, causing the four-ton gilt and glass vehicle to rock like a boat.

The engineers who were repairing the wheels decided to rebuild the rims by winding nearly a quarter of a mile of resin-soaked cotton bandage round each one, and allowing the resin to harden—a slow process—before fitting a rubber tyre. But the job had to be done quickly, and the coach was so valuable that it could not be taken from Buckingham Palace.

Leonard Williams, an expert on infra-red equipment, was called in. He went to the Royal Mews with two projectors which focused infra-red rays on the bandage as it was wound round the wheels. "The resin dried in an afternoon," he says, "compared with the days which would have been needed otherwise."

As a London representative of Metropolitan-Vickers, Williams, who is fifty-four years old, tall and slim, has sold hundreds of projectors for saving time in many different ways. Costing from £12 15s. to £45 each, they can, in a matter of minutes, sterilize surgical dressings or bake a rubber backing on to felt carpets. In seconds, they brown biscuits, fuse sheets of plastic, or fix a glaze on policemen's whistles.

Among the places where infra-red rays have speeded work is a famous London restaurant. For years, the stacking of plates on a heated counter had made the hottest ones the hardest to get—those at the bottom of the pile. Williams fitted a heater above, and the top plates became the hottest.

Clients wishing to try out infra-red rays often send him samples to test in his laboratory in Covent Garden. But first he insists on knowing what chemicals they contain.

Once, the owner of a dry-cleaning firm thought that infra-red rays would be ideal for drying wet clothes. Some expensive white leather gloves, soaked in cleaning fluid, were used for the test. A conveyor took them past a group of projectors, built to form an oven.

Williams's assistant, Richard Whittington, recalls: "The fluid was highly inflammable. As soon as the gloves went into the oven, there was a loud explosion. They came out at the other end looking like lumps of charcoal."

When a whisky merchant brought some bottles to the laboratory for a test, the plastic caps which he put over the corks were shrunk by infra-red rays into tight seals in thirty seconds, instead of the five hours taken by natural evaporation.

Infra-red is used mainly for hastening surface treatment, such as paint-drying. Britain's largest firm of car body builders have relied on it for this purpose, and as a means of mass-producing a new colour-scheme.

They wanted to paint a luxury model in two colours and found that they could not get a good finish. If they sprayed one half and put the body in an oven to dry, the paint on the other half—which had already been through the same treatment—was spoiled by being reheated.

When his firm's research teams had proved that infra-red rays could end the difficulty, Williams handled a contract for 166 projectors, which were fixed in rows on each side of the factory's production line. They dried the lower

section of a car body in fifteen minutes, and left the upper half unharmed.

Extending for forty yards, this is probably the longest assembly of infra-red elements in the country. Williams has also supplied one of the shortest—a five-inch heater in a cosmetics factory. "It melts the outsides of lipsticks very slightly, giving them an attractive glossy appearance in one-fifth of a second."

Williams, who is married and has a grown-up son, was born at Walthamstow, Essex. At eighteen, he joined the merchant navy as a radio officer and toured the world. He left the sea and joined his present firm in 1928.

One difference between the rectangular, box-like projectors which he sells, and ordinary electric fires is that the projector elements are almost unbreakable. He likes to start a demonstration by switching some of them on and waiting for them to glow red-hot. Then, he hits them with a spanner.

His firm's 150-acre works at Trafford Park, Manchester, makes the elements by putting heating coils made of wire into magnesium tubes. These are inserted in larger tubes of steel or copper, and a steam-heating process converts the magnesium into a powerful insulator—magnesium oxide.

Wartime Boon To Factories

The term infra-red describes the position of the rays in the electro-magnetic spectrum, which extends from electric waves produced by generators, at one extreme, to cosmic rays at the other. The red-to-violet spectrum of light seen by the eye is in the middle of the electro-magnetic spectrum. Infra-red rays—infra means below—are below visible red.

They are rays of warmth, felt from the sun or from any source of heat, and are completely separate from the cherry colour which is radiated simultaneously by a hot infra-red element. The colour, caused by the metal reaching a high temperature, belongs to the spectrum of light. It can be seen but not felt.

It was not until the early part of the last war that infra-red rays were used widely in industry. British aircraft makers, anxious to speed output, used tungsten electric lamps—which emit infra-red rays—for drying newly-painted Spitfires, Hurricanes and other aircraft. In 1948, the lamps were abandoned in favour of tubular elements which are more robust; factory hands, as well as managers, were quick to realize their value as time-savers.

When he was checking an infra-red oven, Williams found that a string of sausages had been hooked inside it. "The operator had put them there for his midday meal. They were cooked perfectly in a few minutes."

Warmth Will Spur Shoppers

Although millions of tubular elements have already been sold in projectors and in other devices, such as immersion heaters and radiant boiling plates for kitchen stoves, many uses for them have yet to be explored.

"In garages, projectors could quickly dry the outsides of cars after re-spraying," says Gordon Moule, the engineer in charge of development. "They could also be used for warming workers on outdoor jobs, because they focus heat without wasting it on the surrounding air."

Shops are planning to fit them outside their premises, so that in cold weather passers-by will be enticed to stop and look in the windows.

Williams has found that the mere sight of a cheerful glow is a strong attraction. On a bitterly cold day at a trade exhibition the heating failed. Visitors wandered miserably down the aisles until they saw some infra-red elements shining brightly on the stand of Williams's firm. They paused, rubbed their hands and remarked on the warmth.

"These particular elements were giving no heat at all," he says. "They had been treated with fluorescent paint." THE END

Before the Coronation, the State coach was repaired. In rebuilding each wheel a quarter of a mile of resin-soaked bandage was used. By drying the bandage with infra-red projectors, days were saved.

REQUIEM FOR A WREN

by NEVIL SHUTE

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

She was here, in Bill's home, but no one knew she had been Bill's girl. She would be happy now—if she could keep her secret

FOR FIVE YEARS I had been seeking Janet Prentice. The search had carried me to Britain, Holland, and America—and now it was over. I had found her at last. . . . and she was dead.

My name is Alan Duncan and I am an Australian. I had met Janet first in England in 1944. She was my brother Bill's girl, and at that time a Wren. Bill was killed shortly before D-Day, and I had lost touch with her. But I had never really got her out of my mind. . . .

After I was shot down and had returned home to Coombargana—we run a large sheep station—I was restless, bitterly discontented with life on artificial feet. And I began wondering again what had happened to Janet Prentice.

In 1948 I went back to England—ostensibly to resume my legal studies. I could find no trace of her, but I met people who had known her, and learned something of her story.

Just before Bill was killed an extraordinary thing had happened to the girl. Manning an unattended Oerlikon gun one day, she had shot down a German bomber. To her horror, it later appeared that the seven men in the plane had been trying to surrender.

From that moment, it had seemed to her that God was exacting punishment for the seven dead. Bill had died, and then her father, and then a pet dog, Dev, was killed. And in 1946, two years after Janet had been invalided out of the navy, her mother died. After that, I could discover nothing.

Until 1953. Then, just as I was planning to return home, I learned she had gone to Seattle, U.S.A., to live with an aunt. I flew there, and tried to find her. But the aunt was dead. Again, Janet had "gone away."

And so, disappointed, but with a sense of laying aside a burden, I went home. And there was Janet Prentice: she had committed suicide a few hours before my arrival. She had called herself Jessie Proctor, and was working as the house-parlourmaid.

Now, from her papers and diaries, I was learning what had brought her to this. . . .

PART FIVE

A Girl In Love

IT was nearly two o'clock in the morning before I could bring myself to begin upon a detailed examination of the contents of her attaché case. If I had been reluctant to violate Janet Prentice's privacy when she was a stranger I was doubly reluctant now. I had opened one of the diaries and shut it again quickly; her writing was small and neat and closely spaced. Those books, I had no doubt, would tell me all I had to know, and I didn't want to know it.

I made the fire up, changed back into my dinner jacket, and then wandered about the room. I stood for a long time at the window looking out over our calm, moonlit paddocks. Already one hard, painful fact protruded. She had made an end to her life on the eve of my return home, presumably because I would recognize her as Bill's girl. I had arrived earlier than I had been expected; if I had come by sea she would have been buried by the time that I arrived and her secret would have been safe.

If I had stayed away from Coombargana, if I had gone on as an expatriate in England, Janet Prentice might have lived. In some way that I did not want to understand, I was responsible for her death.

I came to that conclusion at about two in the morning, and I think it steadied me. My mother had said that she had failed the girl. It had made her terribly unhappy that Janet had taken her own life, and she couldn't understand why she had done it. It now seemed quite unlikely that my mother could have done anything for her. It was my own homecoming that had precipitated this thing. If only for my mother's sake, I had to read these diaries.

I sat down at the table and started to examine the eleven quarto books. I glanced at the first page of each and arranged them in order.

The first started in October, 1941, when she had joined the Wrens. In that first volume the entries were daily to begin with and largely consisted of reminders about service routine, leave dates, and matters of that sort. As the volume went on, the entries ceased to be daily and became rather more descriptive and longer; the diary began to show signs that it was assuming the character of an emotional outlet.

An entry in August, 1942, was fairly typical:

"Saturday. Went to movies in Littlehampton. Community singing in the truck on the way home. Air-raid alarm as soon as we got back about 11.45, went down into the shelter. A lot of bombs dropped and one near miss. Waves of them were coming over and a lot of Bofors firing. All clear about 2.15 and very glad to come up on deck, a lovely starry night but a lot of stuff on fire, better not say what. Shelter No. 16 got a direct hit and some of the boys were killed, and Heather Forbes, engine-fitter."

That was when she was at the Fleet Air Arm aerodrome at Ford, and there was nothing of particular significance in the entries for the months she spent there, or for some time after that. The first important one was the full account she wrote of her first meeting with Bill and the incident of the flooded Sherman tank.

She was very much in love with Bill, right from the first. In the succeeding weeks the entries were almost wholly concerned with him, and with what he and she had done together.

LATER I found the first mention of my own name . . . "Tomorrow I have to meet brother Alan. Of course we've got to meet each other's relatives some time if we're going to go on together. I'll have to take Bill to meet Daddy and Mummy, and of course Alan comes in because he's about Bill's only relation on this side of the world. Bill thinks such a lot of Alan that I'm really a bit windy. Still, it's got to be.

"Sunday evening. Bill was quite right, of course, brother Alan really is something rather terrific. Three rings, wings, and five medal-ribbons, including the D.F.C. and bar. He's the sort of person who seems to have been everywhere and done everything, and yet he's quite quiet about it all. You can see the likeness to Bill, but an older and more mature Bill; they're evidently very fond of each other. I like him and am not a bit windy now about Bill's people."

Very soon after that came the Junkers incident.

"Saturday, April 29. I shot a Junkers down today and it was all wrong. Everyone in it was killed, and it seems they were friendly. Czechs or Poles, trying to get over to our side. I can't sleep and I don't know what to do and Bill's away somewhere.

"I went down with Viola this morning to put some Sten guns on the L.C.T.s. While I was

Mrs. Duncan picked up a photograph. "That was my other boy, Willy," she said quietly. Janet took a grip on herself. "I know, madam. Annie told me. It must have been a great loss to you"

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NEXT WEEK IN JOHN BULL

on board this thing came over and they started firing at it from the Isle of Wight but didn't hit it. We thought it was taking photographs.

"All the gunners on the L.C.T. lying alongside us were on leave and the sub too wet to do a thing, so I nipped across and manned the port Oerlikon. The Junkers came right at me at less than a thousand feet; one simply couldn't miss. I hit it three times in the cabin, and then the wheels came down. A Bofors hit it after it passed over us and it crashed in a field at the edge of the marshes. We went and saw the wreckage, it was awful. Seven dead.

"I got sent for by the captain after dinner and put on the mat; there was an R.A.F. officer there, Intelligence I think. He said they thought that it was trying to make a peaceful landing and surrender, but they didn't really know for certain. They tried to make me say the wheels came down before I fired, but honestly I don't think they did. The captain gave me the hell of a ticking off for firing at all.

"I don't know what to do. I ought to have known it was too easy, I suppose. A hostile aircraft wouldn't fly straight over a ship at seven hundred feet like that, going slowly, too. I ought to have known better, but everybody else was firing at it when it was in range. I can't get to sleep, and I'm feeling so ill. I don't know what to do."

The diary remained blank after that for several days, and then came a long entry describing her visit to Bournemouth where her father was in training for the Seaborne Royal Observer Corps. It ended:

". . . I meant to tell Daddy about the Junkers, but I didn't. He was so full of fun, and having such a glorious time."

THERE was another gap of several days after that, and then came an entry about Bill: "May 7. I got a letter from Bert Finch this morning. Bill is dead. He went off with Bert on some job over to the other side, and didn't come back. Bert's not allowed to say what happened, and I don't specially want to know.

"I can't seem to realize that it's happened. I thought people went all soppy and cried, but I don't seem to feel like that. I've been going on with the work all day because there's such a lot to do and no time to sit and think. It's almost as if it had happened to somebody else.

"I'm glad I never told Mummy or Daddy about Bill. I couldn't stand anybody being sympathetic. What happened between Bill and me was just ours and nobody else's, and now it's over, it's still ours and nobody else's just the same. Bill never told any of his people at home about us either, only brother Alan, of course. We decided that we wouldn't tell anybody till we were quite sure ourselves, till after the balloon had gone up.

"AFTER dinner I wrote and asked Bert Finch to look through Bill's gear and send me back any letters he found, and the photograph we'd had taken together. I think Bill would have wanted it like that. When a thing's done it's done. I couldn't bear to have strangers butting in and being sympathetic from the other side of the world, even Bill's people.

"The only complication now is Dev. Bert said he was told to shoot him if I couldn't have him, but I couldn't bear that. I went and told Third Officer Collins about it and asked if I could have him there, and she said I couldn't. But then, half an hour later, Lieut. Parkes came to the Wrennery and said he'd fixed it for me. I cried for about ten minutes after he'd gone. It's awful when people are so kind as that, but I suppose it does one good to let go."

There were no more entries in the diary after that until the middle of June. Only a very few weeks remained before the invasion, and in those weeks she was working at high pressure. Probably in those weeks there was no need for the emotional outlet of a diary, for the dog Dev provided that. Perhaps it is significant that the next diary entry was written on the evening of the day that Dev was killed.

"Sunday, June 11. Dev is dead, and I made a fool of myself and broke down in front of everyone. He got under a Sherman because I wasn't looking after him properly. It wasn't possible to do anything for him, so I got an army officer to shoot him. Then everyone was sympathetic and that put the lid on it, and when I started crying I couldn't stop.

"Viola was a brick. She got me out of it and back to the Wrennery, and Collins came over and told me to go and see the surgeon and report sick. All R.N.V.R. surgeons have gone off on 'Overlord' and there was an American Army doctor there, a Captain Ruttenberg, quite a young, fair-haired man. I was so glad it was a stranger because there wasn't anything the matter with me, but I couldn't get a grip of myself, and I was so ashamed.

"I think he was frightfully good as a doctor or psychologist or something because he didn't do anything at all. He made me sit down in a chair and got a couple of cups of tea from the wardroom and gave me a cigarette and started talking about himself. He said it was his first visit to Europe and he's only been here for about three weeks; his name is Lewis and he lives in a place called Tacoma.

"I dried up after a bit and presently he got me talking about myself and I told him about Bill and the Junkers, and Daddy, and Dev. I must have been in with him for an hour and a half before he got busy with his stethoscope and blood pressure and all the rest of it. Then he said that there was nothing wrong with me except I was tired out, so he was sending me on a month's leave.

"I've got to have ten hours' sleep each night for the next three nights, and he's given me three little yellow capsules to take when I go to bed, one each night. I've never had anything like that before. I hope they don't make you dream like I've been dreaming lately; I couldn't stand ten hours of that.

"Oh Bill, I'm sorry about Dev. Do please forgive me. It was all my fault."

There was a long gap then of about six months, and the next entry was headed December 16, 1944, when she was at home with her mother.

"The last of those awful children went away today, thank God. I told the billeting officer a month ago that my mother couldn't cope with them any longer, but he didn't do anything. I went and saw him on Thursday and told him that I'd murder one of them unless he took them away, and I think he saw I meant it, and I did. So they all went away today and the house is our own for a bit.

"My God, I'll be glad when I can get back into the Wrens.

"The first thing is to keep out of the hands of the damn doctors, of course. I'm never going to see a doctor again in all my life. They don't understand that some people do things that they've got to be punished for. God looks after that, and it's fair enough, because if you kill seven people wantonly just to show how good you are with an Oerlikon you've got to be made to suffer for it.

"Mother's not at all good. She gets tired so quickly and she doesn't seem to be interested in anything. I wish we hadn't sold the car now, because she never gets out at all; but God knows we needed the money. If I don't get back into the Wrens soon, I'll have to take a job because there's not much left of the car money and our capital won't last so long if we go selling out to live on it.

"The war looks like going on for at least another year. They're bound to call me up again before long."

DURING the early months of 1945 she made several entries in a similar tone, showing a great sense of frustration, of being out of active service in the war and fretting over it. Then came the surrender.

"May 9. The war in Europe seems to be over, though the war against Japan is still going on. Fighting has stopped in Europe and everyone is starting to talk about getting demobilized.

"I can't believe it's true. The war against Japan will go on for years, and it must be a naval war. They must need ordnance Wrens all the more out in the east. A lot of girls will be leaving the Service, and I don't suppose they'll be training any more. I believe if I wrote in now they might take me back.

"I went and saw the bank manager and told him to sell out enough of the Associated Cement to give us £200 in the bank. At the rate we're

Continued on page 33

Don Cockell, lone wolf champion

by JOHN SANDILANDS

With a business brain and a left-fisted knockout, he scorns all attempts to make him a star. "I'm a boxer," he says, "not a clown"

A FEW MONTHS AGO, television producer Bill Ward wanted a boxer to take part in a sketch with Fred Emney, the comedian, in the TV programme, *Emney Enterprises*. The part called for a comic sparring match with Emney, and a few lines of dialogue.

Ward's first thought was to get in touch with Don Cockell, the British and Empire heavyweight champion. When he put the suggestion to Cockell, however, the champion turned him down flat.

Criticized by a friend for missing a first-rate publicity opportunity, Cockell snapped: "I'm a boxer, not a clown," and closed the conversation.

"Don wasn't just being pompous," says the friend. "He would sooner have had a genuine fight than take part in a few minutes' fooling on TV. Even posing for photographs leaves him more ruffled than a punch on the chin."

Cockell, a stocky fifteen-stone farmer and ex-blacksmith of twenty-six, who has become the first British heavyweight for seventeen years to qualify as a contender for the world title, is noted for his ability to dodge celebrity treatment as well as he avoids his opponents' punches.

"One of the few things that rouses Don's temper is to be treated as a celebrity," says his wife, Irene. "If shops or restaurants are crowded, he is content to wait his turn like the rest. If proprietors recognize him and make a fuss, he is likely to turn round and walk out."

When Mrs. Cockell ordered some training equipment from a London store recently, the salesman told her it would be at least three days before it could be delivered. Then he asked for the name and address. Told it was for Don Cockell, he apologized profusely and promised delivery the same day. "When I told Don what had happened, he rang up the store and cancelled the order," she says. "He told the salesman it was a disgrace to the firm to give preferential treatment to any of their customers."

Diffident to the point of shyness, Cockell sometimes appears brusque to admirers who approach him in public places. "It is not standoffishness," says his wife. "He genuinely dislikes talking about himself, and away from the ring he hates talking boxing."

After eight years of professional fighting, Cockell holds an unparalleled position in British boxing. Three convincing wins over a leading American heavyweight, Harry Matthews, a points defeat of the American top-liner, Roland La Starza, and an unbeaten record against home heavyweight opposition have made him an undisputed challenger to the world champion, Rocky Marciano.

Five-figure purses and a leading rôle in British sport, however, have done little to alter Cockell's down-to-earth approach.

One of the shrewdest men in boxing, he has carefully invested all his ring earnings. Three years ago he gave up a flourishing hairdressing business at Weybridge in favour of a forty-acre farm at Horam, in Sussex. He spends wisely on machinery and equipment, against the day when his boxing career is ended.

Slow to make friends and uncomfortable in new surroundings, Cockell is firmly devoted to home life with his wife and two young sons.

When he went to Johannesburg in January last year to fight the South African champion, Johnny Arthur, he travelled, for the first time, without his wife. "It was a mistake," John Simpson, his manager, recalls. "Don was so sluggish and unenthusiastic in training that I had to send an urgent message to Mrs. Cockell to fly out. As soon as she arrived he perked

Cockell with his wife and younger son, Peter, on their farm in Sussex. The farm has come out of Cockell's ring earnings—all carefully invested

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WEDNESDAY
FEBRUARY 23 DIARY

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up, and won the fight in spite of a bad insect bite that forced him to have penicillin injections shortly before he entered the ring."

In ring affairs, Cockell brings to bear an earnest concentration. "He insists on sparring partners who will make him think as well as fight," says Simpson.

This outlook served Cockell well on a March night last year, when at Earls Court, London, he met a fighter with the same reasoning approach to boxing —Roland La Starza.

"It was as much a battle of wits as punches," says Simpson. "Even when they went to their corners they never took their eyes off each other. Slowly, however, Don forced La Starza to start avoiding his stare." La Starza tried rush tactics, but Cockell steered him off with his strong left hand. When La Starza backpedalled, Cockell went after him, using his left hand like a club.

"By the end of the fight," says Simpson, "La Starza was so confused that the referee had to wrestle with him to prevent him punching after the final bell."

Cockell was one of the first boxers to seek the aid of a psychologist to improve his mental approach to the sport. The psychologist emerged highly impressed with Cockell's mentality. "Mentally he is well above average," he says, "and he combines with his brains superb confidence and unusual powers of concentration."

Ferocious Poses

This combination makes Cockell very much a lone wolf in the ring, with little time for the retinue of trainers, seconds and hangers-on that usually surround a successful champion.

In 1953, when illness kept John Simpson from travelling, Cockell astounded American boxing circles by making the trip to Seattle, to fight Harry Matthews, accompanied by only his wife and a trainer. During one training bout he was amazed to see Matthews climb into the ring with him and assume ferocious poses for the benefit of photographers. Without hesitation, Cockell issued an ultimatum that if he saw Matthews again before the fight it would be called off. Matthews was not seen again until the actual bout.

For several years, Cockell has largely supervised his own training until the last few weeks before a fight, and in action he has little use for extraneous advice. During a bout at the Albert Hall a few years ago, he was attended by a second who kept up a running commentary on tactics throughout the minute's rest between rounds. After three rounds, Cockell turned to his manager and muttered: "Get him out of my sight. He's going to lose me this fight." The second was removed.

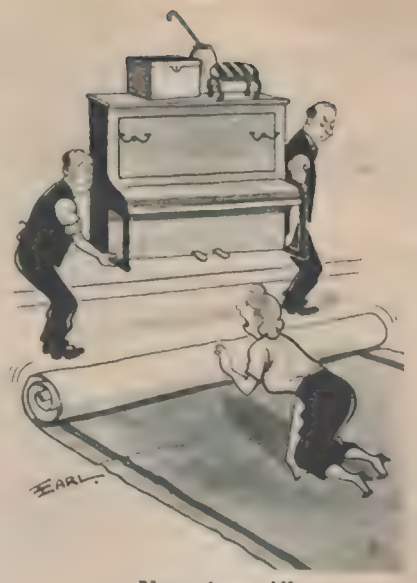
In his climb to the top, Cockell has overcome a series of difficulties that would have ended the career of a less determined personality. In 1951, he threw off the effects of an attack of rheumatic fever, which threatened to finish his boxing life, only two months before his successful fight for the British light-heavyweight title.

Weight Difficulty

At the end of that year, at the peak of his career as a light-heavyweight and with a world title fight in the offing, his weight shot up from twelve stone seven to nearly fourteen stones. After removing the surplus pounds in rigorous training, he was well beaten by a comparatively unknown coloured boxer, Jimmy Slade, and afterwards was forced to seek medical advice as he continued to put on weight at an alarming rate. Weakened and below form, he lost his British light-heavyweight title a few months later, and it was more than a year before he began his come-back, as a heavyweight.

Today, his increased weight and plump waistline have taken their place as an addition to his armoury. "The extra pounds have made me tougher, stronger and better able to take a punch," he claims.

Even with his increased bulk, Cockell is abnormally fast on his feet, and is naturally left-handed. "The result," says Johnny Williams, the man from



"Now jump!"

whom he took the British heavyweight title, "is that his left hand has surprising power. He has a knock-out punch in his left hand. Most boxers carry it in their right."

Cockell's entry into professional boxing was typical of his fighting confidence. He walked boldly into Jack Solomon's Gym in Great Windmill Street, Soho, and talked Nat Seller, the trainer of the then middleweight champion, Vince Hawkins, into allowing him to spar with the champion. His form was so impressive against the experienced Hawkins that he was introduced to John Simpson, who offered him a professional contract.

Cockell began his boxing career with an army cadet unit operating near his Battersea home in 1944. He showed so much promise that he joined the Caius Boxing Club, in Battersea, and came under Stan Exell, an experienced former professional, who recognized his potential and set out to teach him as much as he could.

Gave Up His Job

"Cockell, from the very first, was a natural boxer and fighter," Exell says. "Where other youngsters had to be shown painstakingly how to deliver a certain punch, he grasped immediately how it was done, and could put it into practice."

In March, 1947, at the age of seventeen, Cockell was awarded a trophy at Wembley as the best youth at his weight in Britain, and the following month he reached the semi-finals of the London Amateur Boxing Association championships. He lost the match, but rather than wait a year for a second chance at the title, he decided to turn professional at once, giving up his job as an apprentice blacksmith.

During his early campaigns, fighting in provincial halls for purses as low as £5, Cockell was frequently faced with transport and accommodation problems. At one show, he was down to fight on a bill containing nineteen bouts. Shortly before he was due to climb into the ring his wife pointed out that they had only ten minutes to spare if they were to catch the last bus home. He knocked out his opponent in the second minute of the first round and caught the bus with time to spare.

One of Cockell's first purchases when his purses began to increase was an old car. Since then, his taste in cars has kept up with his boxing career. They are among the few luxuries he permits himself.

After each of his big fights he treats himself to a new model. Fond of fast driving, he has had ten high-powered cars in the past five years. For Cockell, they are one of the few outward signs of his growing bank balance and sporting status. "Even if he were to beat Marciano," says an acquaintance, "he would still be the most reluctant celebrity in sport."

Recently, a visitor to his farm gazed wide-eyed at Cockell and told him breathlessly: "Your name is now a household word." Cockell produced one of his rare smiles. "So is bathroom," he said. THE END

REQUIEM FOR A WREN

Continued from page 30

going the capital won't last for more than five years, though it would be better if I got a whole-time job instead of this half-time one. The trouble is, with Mother in bed so much, working full-time isn't going to be very easy. I've got a feeling sometimes that if the money lasts five years it may be long enough. Poor old Ma."

Her mother died in August, 1946. I passed over those entries to one of more significance:

"September 7. Viola Dawson turned up this morning in her little car. It was lovely seeing her again, but I hardly recognized her in civvies. It's funny how different people look.

"She's got a job with a film company, doing something with scripts and sets. Of course, she can draw awfully well, and that helps in the set design. She's such a splendid person, I do hope she marries someone who's really up to her. I did enjoy seeing her again."

The next entry read:

"September 16, 1946. So that's over, and they don't want me back in the Wrens. The only person who wants me is Aunt Ellen in Seattle. I can't remember her at all, although she says she met me on their trip to England in 1932. I've a vague recollection of an American woman coming to see Daddy and Mummy once when I was at school. Perhaps that was her.

"I think I'll go and stay with her for a bit anyway. It's time I got out of my groove here, I suppose, and I don't have to stay there longer than a month or two.

"One can go all the way to Seattle by sea, through the Panama Canal. Cook's are finding out about passages for me. They seemed to think a Dutch ship would be best, as there's a regular line of cargo ships that carry a few passengers from Rotterdam to San Francisco and Seattle. I'd like that, going by sea all the way."

THE next few entries were mainly concerned with the sale of the house in Oxford and the furniture, with rather muddled notes about her finances; when everything was realized she seemed to have possessed about £1,700, of which she was spending about £120 on her passage to Seattle.

"November 15. Rotterdam. In a ship again, and it's simply grand. The Winterswijk only carries ten passengers, and I've got a lovely single cabin right under the bridge, beautifully furnished. We're still in dock, but there's the same old smell of salt water and oil and cabbage cooking, and the moon on the water, all ripply. I brought my duffel coat and my Wren bell-bottoms, and I've been leaning on the rail looking at it all and taking it all in, hour after hour. We sail about two in the morning, so I shan't get much sleep tonight.

"November 18. We're out of the Channel now and heading out into the Atlantic. I'm spending a lot of time on the bridge. When Captain Blok saw my duffel coat he asked me where I got it and when I told him I was in the Wrens he invited me to go up there any time I liked. If only there was a gun to be looked after it would be as good as being back in the Wrens."

The voyage was obviously very good for her; the entries were balanced and cheerful. The last of the trip read:

"December 12. We dock tomorrow at Seattle. It's been a lovely month, and I'm sorry to be leaving the ship. They make four trips a year between Seattle and Rotterdam and I shall try to go back in her, probably in three months' time. They're such a good crowd to be with.

"I wonder what Aunt Ellen will be like."

She got on well with Aunt Ellen but found her rather a sick woman with mysterious internal pains. In fact, she was dying, though she took five years to do it and at the time that Janet went to Seattle they neither of them thought that there was very much wrong. Her aunt-by-marriage proved to be about sixty-five years old, in fairly easy circumstances. There was a seven-year-old Pontiac car, a Boxer dog, and a cat.

JANET PRENTICE lived with her aunt in Seattle till she died, in May, 1952, and she seems to have been fairly contented with a very quiet life in that suburban district. I think the dog and the cat provided her with the emotional outlet that she needed, for there are many references to them in the early pages of the diary. Later on the diary entries become infrequent, as had happened once before when she had Bill's dog to look after.

The next entry of significance was recorded about six weeks after she reached Seattle.

"January 29, 1947. Tacoma is only thirty miles from here and of course that's where Dr. Ruttenberg lives. I looked him up in the telephone book and he's there all right, Lewis C. Ruttenberg. I would like to see him again because he was so awfully nice at Mastodon, but I couldn't bother him unless I was ill."

Apart from that there was nothing important in the diaries till the Korean war broke out, more than three years later.

"June 29, 1950. There's a full-scale war on in Korea now. Everybody says that it's the beginning of the third World War.

"I wish I was in England now. They're bound to want a lot of ordnance Wrens back. I've been an awful fool, because the Admiralty don't know where I am; they probably still think I'm at Crick Road. I wrote airmail at once, of course. It will be about a fortnight before I hear, even if they reply airmail. I should think they'd probably cable, though.

"I think Aunt Ellen would be all right. She's got her family in Denver; one of her daughters would have to come over and look after her, Janice or Frances. If they want me in the Wrens I'll have to go."

Six weeks later she got a letter from the Admiralty by sea mail, saying that there was no requirement at the moment for ex-naval personnel in her category. It was a disappointment to her, though I think she must have been getting used to disappointments by that time. She put in another application in December, 1950, when the Chinese Communists had intervened in Korea and the third World War seemed really to have begun. Again she got the same reply.

She would have found it difficult to leave her aunt by that time if the Wrens had wanted her, however, for

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Gillette Superspeed Shaving

Aunt Ellen was a very sick woman:

"February 17. Aunt Ellen had the operation this morning. I saw her for a few minutes in the hospital this afternoon and she seemed quite cheerful, but still very dopey. I saw Dr. Hunsaker for a minute or two and he says she stood the operation very well, but when I asked him if it was malignant, he sort of dodged the question. Doesn't look too good.

"Billy isn't at all well; he wouldn't eat anything yesterday or today."

Billy was the Boxer dog, now getting very old.

The operation did little to relieve Aunt Ellen of her complaint, and throughout the year 1951 her infirmity increased. Again, trouble and overwork were massing up on Janet Prentice. The dog Billy was dying, too, and in September he had to be put away, and from that point onwards a note of tired despair began to creep into the diary.

"November 13. I persuaded Aunt Ellen to stay in bed again today; it's two days since she ate anything solid. Dr. Hunsaker came this morning. I asked him what was coming to us and he couldn't hold out much hope, but said she might go on for a long time. In the end she'll have to go into the hospital.

"I suppose this is what happens at the end of life and it's normal and nothing to do with the Junkers. But this is the fourth, or if you count the dogs, and I think you ought to, it's the sixth. There were seven people in the Junkers, so there's only one more due. I suppose that will be me.

"I think she misses Billy a great deal, and I do too."

A nurse was living permanently in the house by January, and at the beginning of March, Aunt Ellen was removed to the County Hospital, where Janet used to go and see her every day.

"April 7. It's very lonely in the house now. I've been starting to pack things up a bit, because I don't think there's a chance now that Aunt Ellen will ever come back. Janice is coming from Denver to stay for a few days. I'll talk it over with her and decide what's to be done with all the things.

"May 2. Aunt Ellen died today at about five in the morning. They rang up from the hospital to tell us, but we'd been expecting it of course.

"Well, that's over. The house is to be sold and all the clothes and stuff. Janice is staying here for another week to help me sort it all out. I shall write to the naval attaché tomorrow. Another try for the Wrens.

"MAY 11. Janice left today. She asked me to go and stay with them in Denver when everything has been cleaned up here, but I left that open. I put the house in the hands of the agent yesterday and some people called Pasmanik came and looked over it today; it should sell fairly easily.

"I do hope I hear soon if they want me in the Wrens. I don't know what to do if they don't.

"May 28. I got a letter from the Admiralty today, and they still don't want me. Not a very nice letter. I suppose that's the end of it and in a way I'm glad. It's been so miserable sitting here and doing nothing, just watching for each post.

"I suppose I'll have to go back to England now, but I don't know what I'd do. I'm beginning to think the best thing now might be to finish it all. Most women have something to hang on to that makes going on worth while—children, or a husband, or relatives, but I've got nothing like that. If I go on I'll have to start from now and build up a new life, and I don't think I want to. I feel too tired to face up to that.

"It would be terribly easy to do, because I've got enough of Aunt Ellen's stuff to kill a horse. You'd just go to sleep and never wake up. It would make the seventh, and that must finish it. All the people that I've loved, Bill most of all, and then Daddy, and Dev, and Mummy, and Billy, and Aunt Ellen. I'd make the seventh, and all the people in the Junkers would be paid for then.

"The only thing is that it seems so cowardly, as if you can't face up to things because you haven't got the guts."

Perhaps the drugs that had been provided for Aunt Ellen were not wholly menacing to her, because the next entry read:

"May 30. I couldn't sleep again last night, and about midnight I got up and took one of Aunt Ellen's things as an experiment, with a glass of water. It was a knock-out drop all right because I didn't wake up till half past nine—clean out, like a log. I got up feeling fine. I'd been so miserable the night before and I was feeling so good that I thought perhaps all I needed was a tonic. And then, rather on the spur of the moment, I rang Dr. Ruttenberg's office in Tacoma and asked his nurse for an appointment to see him. She said to come along at two-thirty, so I had lunch in Tacoma and saw him in the afternoon.

"It was just like it was before at Mastodon and I told him everything, about Mummy and Billy and Aunt Ellen and how miserably ill I'd been feeling, and that I wanted a tonic. He started asking me things then, about love affairs of which there aren't any—probably that's bad—and I was getting too tired to keep up a front any longer and told him about the Junkers and the expiation that had to be made, and there'd been six already and the last one would be me.

"HE said of course that there was no future in that and that all that was wrong with me was that I'd been spending myself and got myself worn out again, like I had in Mastodon. He said the expiation angle was boloney, that I seemed to have the instincts of a nurse in doing things for people, but a nurse didn't talk about expiation and go all suicidal after a hard case when her patient died. He said he wanted to see me again and made an appointment for next Tuesday at the same time, and gave me a prescription to get made up at the pharmacy. I did like seeing him again; he gives one such confidence."

Before her next appointment the

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The second horse home wins the big money

LAST year, for the first time, the starter of the Kipling Cotes Races saw the finish of the event. Farmer Guy Stephenson took Percy Dove, the starter, over the course in his Miles Messenger aeroplane.

The Kipling Cotes Races have been known to prove a disappointment to visiting bookmakers, for there is only one event: a horse race over a straight, four-mile course. This course, once a Roman road, is rough and pitted with holes. It starts at Kipling Cotes, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, runs across fields, over a bridge, across the main coast road, and finishes at a post by the fence of Fred Stephenson's farm, four miles from Market Weighton. In all, it takes in five parishes.

It costs £4 5s. to enter the race, and usually there is only a handful of competitors. The winner takes the profits on £465 invested in Consols—about £6 nowadays. The second rider home does rather better. His prize comes from the entry fees, and is often between £20 and £30.

The Kipling Cotes race is the oldest endowed race in the world. Its history has been traced back to the sixteenth century, and it had been run for many years when the Earl of Burlington and forty-eight other gentlemen put up £365 in 1619 to provide prize money. Another £100 was added later, and the money has been invested since 1822.

The race is held every year on the third Thursday in March, and the horses are usually hunters or part-thoroughbreds. Riders must weigh at least ten stone. Coal merchants' scales are used for the weighing-in. "Under-weight riders bring themselves up to ten stone by filling their pockets with spanners, bolts, chains, or whatever else they can find in their cars," says Percy Dove.

The rough going and the spring weather often cause mishaps. Once, Jean Farrow, the daughter of a Hull trawler owner, was thrown when her horse stumbled, but she rode in the race again—and won. In 1947, the year of the big freeze-up, when roads were blocked with snow and some of the local farms were snowbound for six weeks, Fred Stephenson was the only rider to arrive. He covered the course alone, and took both prizes.

One one occasion, years ago, there were no competitors at all. So the race officials borrowed a cart-horse and walked over the course to maintain the ancient tradition.

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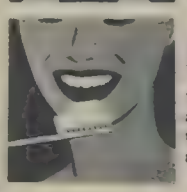

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"Will you come and stuff the chicken now, dear?"

doctor wrote her a letter which influenced her a great deal. I found the letter itself among her correspondence:

346 N. 1st St.,
Tacoma.
June 1, 1952.

Dear Miss Prentice,

I have been giving your case a great deal of consideration in the last two days and would suggest a line that you may care to consider and talk over at our next appointment.

Medically, your case is not a complicated one, and as you are aware your trouble is more of a psychological nature. As such it may be somewhat beyond my province, but as a friend can I suggest that you might think over the following.

I do not think that you have taken sufficiently into account the family of the young man, Bill Duncan, whom you would have married. If he had lived, you would have become a part of that family, and you would have owed duties to your new relatives by marriage. I can readily understand that in the circumstances of 1944 you did not wish your love affair to become known to strangers, but the circumstances of 1952 are very different.

As I understand the matter, your recent bereavement has given you a small independence. In these circumstances I would say you might seek out the Duncan family and satisfy yourself that they are well and are in no need of help from you, even if this should mean a journey to Australia. If with increasing age the father or the mother of your friend Bill should be in any distress it may be that you could assist them, and in doing so achieve a purpose and new interest in your life.

If this suggestion should entail a sea voyage to Australia, I presume that this would be an interest and an enjoyment to you. From the medical point of view I could advise nothing better for you in your present circumstances.

I look forward to seeing you again on Wednesday next.

Sincerely,
Lewis C. Ruttenberg.

THE next entry in her diary read: "June 2. I got a letter from Dr. Ruttenberg this morning. It's given me an awful lot to think about. . . . I don't know anything about Bill's father and mother, and I haven't cared. I've been wrapped up in my own affairs and my own grievances, very selfish. I'm so sorry, Bill.

"It's going to be a bit difficult finding out. They may be fit as fleas and perfectly all right; after all, I suppose they've got brother Alan to look after them. I'd have to go to Australia and snoop around, and come away if everything's all right. . . . It would be a marvellous trip, anyway."

On the next page of the diary she had totted up her financial situation. Her aunt's house—which had been left to her—had sold to the Pasmaniks for eighteen thousand dollars, and altogether she now possessed a total of about £8,000 in English money, a sum which she considered as indecent riches.

She saw Dr. Ruttenberg again, but there is only a short mention of that meeting in the diary.

"June 4. I saw Dr. Ruttenberg again today. I told him I was going to take his advice and take a sea trip to Australia and find out how Bill's parents were. He asked me to come and see him when I got back.

"I went to a shipping office this morning. There's a cargo ship called Pacific Victor which is due to sail for Sydney in about ten days' time. She has accommodation for four or five passengers. I shall go and find her tomorrow and see if she's got a berth.

"June 17. We sailed this morning. It's lovely being at sea again. It's two thousand four hundred sea miles to Honolulu and we do about ten knots, so it will take about ten days."

AFTER that there was nothing of any particular interest in the diary until she disembarked at Sydney six weeks later.

"August 2. We docked today and I got a taxi and went to the Metropole. They say that anyone can get a job of any sort in this country and it certainly looks like it from the situations vacant columns in the paper. They say that lots of English girls come out and work here, usually in pairs, flitting about from job to job and seeing the country. I believe that's the best line. Travelling by bus.

"Tomorrow I shall have to find out about buses, and probably leave here on Monday. I asked where the Western District of Victoria was, and apparently it's west of a place called Ballarat. I got a map today and found Ballarat. It looks as if it would be best to get to it through Melbourne."

She left Sydney by bus early in the morning a few days later and reached Albury on the borders of New South Wales about the middle of the afternoon. She parked her suitcases in the office of the bus company and strolled out down the street to look for a job. Within half an hour she was a waitress in Sweeney's Hume Hotel at a wage of £12 a week. An hour and a half later she was serving dinner.

"August 5. When Mrs. Sweeney asked me what my name was I said, Jessie Proctor. It went down all right, and it matches the initials on my case. I want to find out about Bill's people. Alan probably told them about me so that they'll know the name. Everything's a bit more under control this way."

She stayed in Albury for a fortnight. Then she went on by bus to Ballarat, staying one night on the way in Melbourne but not working there. At Ballarat she repeated her experience in Albury; arriving about midday, by three o'clock in the afternoon she was a waitress in the Court House Hotel.

"August 25. It's bitterly cold and wet here. I always thought Australia was a hot country. They've got a map

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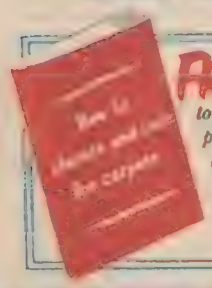

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'California Syrup of Figs' REGD.

ALSO BRANDED 'CALIFIG' FOR SHORT

of Victoria in the office and it shows Coombargana as a little spot on a sort of dotted line, near a place called Forfar. It doesn't look as if Coombargana is a very big place and Forfar isn't much to write home about.

"I've been keeping my ears open to see if anyone said anything about Coombargana, but I haven't heard anything. I think I'll go on at the end of the week."

She left two of her three suitcases in the station luggage room at Ballarat and went out in the bus to Forfar.

"August 30. Well, here I am, and I've come all this way for nothing.

"I've been such a fool. I ought to have known that there was nothing I could do for them. Coombargana isn't a village, it's an estate. Apparently it's a terrific place, fourteen thousand acres, a big house, and God knows how many sheep. The Duncans are one of the big families of the neighbourhood. Mrs. Collins always speaks of old Mr. Duncan as The Colonel. I suppose that's Bill's father.

"Well, there it is, and now I don't know what to do.

"I've got a job here, so I'll have to stay for a week anyway. I got off the bus and went into the Post Office Hotel and asked Mrs. Collins if she'd got a job for a week or two. She said it was the off-season so she couldn't pay much, but she'd give me £6 and my keep if I didn't mind helping out in the bar.

"SEPTEMBER 1. I saw Bill's father today. He drove up in a big car and got out and came into the bar. Mr. Collins introduced me. He's about seventy, I should say, and he doesn't look a bit well, very white. He's got a great look of Alan about him, much more than Bill.

"Alan is in England, and has been for some years. Mr. Collins told me that after the colonel went away. And then he said that Alan had had a crash, flying, towards the end of the war, and had lost both his feet. He came back here after the war and was at home here for a year or two, but they said the accident had changed him a great deal. He didn't make friends or get about much and he was drinking a good bit, and after a time he went back to England.

"Mr. Collins said that there had been a younger son, Bill, but he was killed in the war. Coombargana is six miles from here.

"I can't get used to the idea of Alan bobbling about on artificial feet and hitting it up. He was such a terrific person in the war, obviously so good at his job and yet so quiet about it all.

"September 2. There were a couple of weedy-looking foreigners in for dinner, Lithuanians or something. When the bus for Ballarat stopped they went away on that, and Mrs. Collins was in the bar and she said, 'Well, that's a good riddance.' I asked who they were, and she said they were the married couple from Coombargana. The colonel sacked them because they were always on the grog. She said they can't keep any help in the house because it's such an isolated place. They've got an old cook who's been with them all her life but it's a big house and they need more than that, especially now they're getting old.

"September 3. Mr. Fox, the postman, was in the bar this evening. We got talking when he heard that I was English, and I told him I was working my way round, seeing the country. He said I ought to come out with him on his round; he starts off with the mail at about ten o'clock each morning in an old car and goes to all the outlying properties. He suggested I should go with him tomorrow if it's fine.

"It seemed too good a chance to miss, so I went and asked Mrs. Collins if I could go if I got up early and did out the bar and the dining-room before breakfast. She said I could.

"September 4. I've taken a job at Coombargana, as a parlourmaid. I did it on the spur of the moment without really thinking. I rather wish I hadn't now, but it's done and I go there next Friday. It's only for a week or two till they can get another married couple.

"I went out with Mr. Fox, and we got to Coombargana about half past eleven. It's just like a big English country house with a long drive, stone pillars and iron gates. We went to the back door and the old cook came out to meet us and took the post. Her name is Annie. She asked us into the kitchen for a cup of tea; apparently this is the usual routine. Mr. Fox introduced me and said I came from London, and Annie asked at once if I had met Mr. Alan there. The locals all seem very interested in Alan.

"While we were sitting at the kitchen table over tea Mr. Fox said something about the married couple and asked if they had anyone else. Annie said it was very difficult, and that for her part she didn't want any more foreigners; she'd rather carry on and do the housework herself with what help they could get from the wives on the place.

"I liked Annie, and I said I wouldn't mind coming for a week or two myself if it would help them, till they got someone permanent. I can't imagine what made me say that; it just sort of slipped out. Annie was on it like a knife, though. She said that if I meant that she'd go and tell the mistress. Then Mr. Fox said he'd have to go on, and would call for me on his way back.

"Mrs. Duncan interviewed me in the hall, sitting in front of the fire. She's terribly like Bill. She walks with a stick, very lame. She asked me about myself and I told her as little as possible. I said I was working my way round seeing the world. She asked if I'd ever worked as a parlourmaid before and I said I hadn't but I'd worked in hotels. She said she'd ring up Mrs. Collins and see what she thought about it, and let me know after dinner.

"She sent me back to have dinner with Annie, and afterwards she saw me again. She said she'd spoken to Mrs. Collins and it was quite all right, and I could leave on Friday. They're giving me £8 a week and my keep. The colonel was there and they both said that they hoped I'd be very happy with them.

"Mr. Fox came, and I went back to the hotel with him in time for the evening rush at the bar.

"She's so terribly, terribly like Bill, it's almost unbearable sometimes.

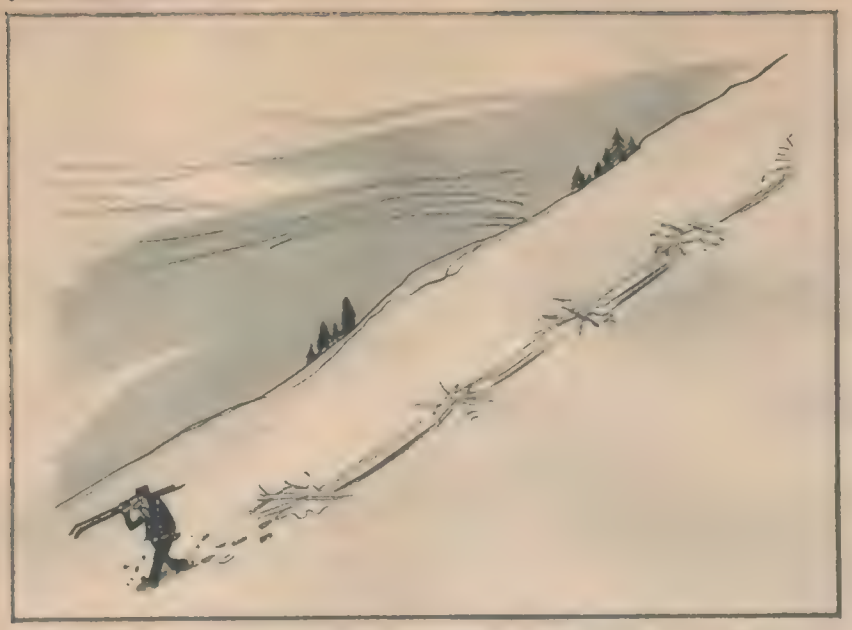
"September 8. I think I must be crazy to have come here, but here I am. Colonel Duncan sent the foreman, Harry Drew, in to Forfar in a Land-Rover to meet me at the bus and I drove out with him. I took my suitcases up to my room. It is very clean and comfortable, and there's a lovely bathroom just for Annie and me, with a shower.

"They have afternoon tea on a wheeled tea-trolley and Annie showed me how to get that ready, and I wheeled it into the hall and through into the drawing-room. Mrs. Duncan was there in a chair before the fire and she showed me how she likes the tea arranged.

I LAID the dining-room table then and washed up the tea things, and then I came up here to unpack. I've been sitting at the table looking out over the river and the paddocks in the evening light. A man went by just then on the other side of the river riding a horse, at the walk. It's so very, very quiet and peaceful here.

"I think I'm beginning to understand more about Bill, after eight years. I only knew him as a marine sergeant in a battledress. That wasn't the real Bill at all. The real Bill was a part of all this loveliness."

When I got to that point in her diary I couldn't go on reading for a time. I got up from the table and went over to the window and pulled the curtains aside. It was nearly four in the morning. I opened the window and the cool night air blew in around me; before me lay the paddocks, misty by the river in the slanting, silvery light. I stood there thinking how



right she had been, how well she had understood. Bill had been a part of all this loveliness.

I closed the window, searched for my pipe and my tobacco, and sat down to the diary again. After the first entries at Coombargana the diary became infrequent, as had happened several times before in the years since the war. I felt that meant she was contented again, with an easy mind.

LATER in the diary I found further mention of my brother, and of myself.

"September 13. There are two photographs of Bill in her bedroom, one that I hadn't seen before of him on a horse. He's much younger in that one, probably only about fifteen or sixteen. The other is the rather stiff studio portrait he had done at Portsmouth that I didn't like. I've got such a much better one in my case, but of course I daren't put it up in my room here. I haven't heard them say a word about Bill and I suppose that's understandable because it's eight years ago and everything there was to say must have been said. But they talk a lot about Alan.

"Everybody here talks about Alan. I think the fact of the matter is that they're all a bit anxious. If he doesn't come back to Coombargana, the place will be sold on the colonel's death, and that means a tremendous upset for everyone connected with it. I think that's why everyone's so interested in Alan. They want to see him marry somebody and settle down here, and carry on the property.

"October 26. Last night after supper we were sitting in the kitchen and Annie started talking about Alan again. She said it was a great trouble to his mother that he hadn't married. She said they hoped he would when he came home after the war, but he didn't seem to want to have anything to do with girls. They all said it was because he was crippled, but Annie herself always thought he'd got a girl in England he was thinking of.

"I'm terribly sorry for Alan. He sounds rather a lonely person."

There is no mention in the diary that she was pressing to move on. I think that she was happy in the queer position that she had made for herself at Coombargana, and content to stay on as a parlourmaid indefinitely. I think Dr. Ruttenberg in Seattle had probably summed her up correctly; she felt a great need to be of use to somebody, and this was satisfied for the time being.

A significant entry when she had been at Coombargana for three months showed her developing relationship with my mother.

"December 11. The colonel had to go to Ballarat this afternoon to speak at a dinner, so Mrs. Duncan had dinner by herself. When I took the coffee in to the drawing-room after dinner she was sitting at her desk turning over a lot of things she'd taken out of one of the little drawers at the side. She picked up a photograph and showed it to me and said: 'Jessie, that was my other boy, Willy.'

"It was a photograph of Bill, of course, standing by the front door with a shot gun and a dog probably when he was about eighteen years old. I couldn't think of anything to say, and after a minute she told me: 'That was taken just before he went away to England, just before the war. He was killed in 1944, doing something on the coast of Normandy just before the invasion.'

"I'd got a grip on myself by that time, and I said: 'I know madam. Annie told me. It must have been a great loss to you.'

"She didn't say anything for quite a time, and then she said: 'Yes. Willy wasn't clever like Alan. He was more of a home-lover. If he'd lived I think that he'd have been the one to carry on this place, and Alan would have gone into Parliament or something. Willy never wanted to do anything else, but come back here and manage Coombargana.'

"I couldn't stand it any longer, and I said: 'Will that be all tonight, madam?' And she said: 'Yes, thank you, Jessie. Good night.' I think I got out of the room without giving myself away."

I think her relations with my mother were always those of mistress and maid, but inevitably they became close friends. When my mother's arthritis was painful she could do things for her that no one else could do and my mother talked to her freely about family affairs.

AFTER that there were long gaps in the diary of five or six weeks at a time. The next of significance was written early in the winter.

"They had great news today, because there was a long letter from Alan. He's definitely coming home, and they're so excited over it. He's sailing for England on October 5th, so he'll be home at the beginning of November.

"The news was all round Coombargana by the evening. I asked the colonel if he'd like me to get up a bottle of champagne for dinner and they had that, and Annie made a special effort and they had caviare to start with. They had gramophone music at dinner for a celebration. Alan's been away five years now. I'm so glad for them.

"I'm glad for Alan, too. His mother says he's quite made up his mind now that his place is here. He's tired of being in England now and wants to come home and settle down. She said she hoped he'd find some nice girl and get married.

"I'll have to move on somewhere else before Alan gets home. He'd be bound to recognize me. I wouldn't want to go much before November because I do think they need someone to look after them a bit. I'll aim to get away a week or two before he arrives. After that, God knows."

To be concluded next week

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—but fortunately she remembered

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Continued from page 25

anything really, except something they had never had. That it didn't matter.

But it did matter. The taste of failure was in his mouth.

He turned the familiar corner. His house sat there behind its hedge, friendly, ordinary, the dingy paint and the inevitable signs of wear and tear softened by the kindly night. Barbara had left the porch light on for him. She always did.

He stood for a moment with his hand on the gate, feeling the tide of disenchantment surge within him. What was it all about, anyway? What did it all prove? What was he—Robert Stevens—doing here on a fragment of spherical rock hurtling through endless caverns of space? He and the other faceless millions. For what purpose, to what unimaginable end? Why? Why?

He caught himself out in this little orgy of self-dramatization and hysteria, and smiled wryly. All was not lost because he'd muffed an order. But his confidence had been shaken today. You could trust people just so far. . . .

At the foot of the porch steps, something gleamed. Michael's bicycle; he had forgotten to put it away again. Robert Stevens carried it up the steps, propped it beside the door.

THE house was dim and quiet. In the upper hall, at the head of the stairs, a night-light burned. Here, the bedroom Phyllis occupied was opposite the boys' room, and pinned to each door, he saw, was a hand-lettered notice. The one on Phyllis's door said, primly but firmly: "No admittance!" The one on the boys' door said: "Private! Keep out!"

Robert Stevens stared at them sombrely. They were learning young—not to trust anyone, to build a barrier round themselves. It was just a game now, to tease Barbie, but the idea was there. . . .

Moving on down the hall, he saw that a small rectangle of paper was also pinned to Barbie's door. Well, naturally, she would have to follow suit. If the others demanded privacy, what could she do but demand it, too? He leaned closer. It said, in Barbie's wavy script: "Welcome—anyone."

Robert Stevens straightened up slowly, a sudden tightness in his throat. He opened the door quietly and went in.

Reflected from the ceiling, light from a street lamp cast a dim glow over the narrow bed, the tumbled bedclothes, the small, pyjama-clad figure. Face serene, braids dark against the pillow, Barbie slept.

And, standing there, looking down at her, Robert Stevens felt the frustrations of the day dissolving. Here, in his own small child, was the balm to his hurt, the spirit that refused to accept rejection, that expected the best from people, and would ultimately get the best—because it offered the best. Here it was, summed up in two words: Welcome—anyone.

Miraculously, the defeatism drained out of him. From under his arm he took the florist's box, opened it, carefully separated one of the fragile flowers, put it on the chair beside the bed. He tiptoed out and closed the door. He touched the sign gently.

In the darkness of his own bedroom, Barbara stirred. "Bob?"

"Yes." He sat down on the edge of the bed, slipped his hand into hers, felt her carry it to her warm cheek. He put the other orchid by her pillow. "I've brought you a flower."

"Bob — it's an orchid!" She sounded amazed and delighted. "But what's it for?"

"It's for you," he said, and kissed her.

She was still holding his hand. He felt her fingers tighten. "What a wonderful ending to a long day! How did it go for you?"

Robert Stevens bent down and untied the laces on his right shoe. "It was all right," he said. "It was fine. It was a very useful day." THE END

THE LADY AND THE HUNTER

Continued from page 19

car and kissed Dukie McGunn firmly and competently in the middle of his moustache. Dukie nearly fainted.

"I think we'd best get along back to camp," Dukie said nervously. "I must go and see to the watchamacallit."

"Yes," Helen Maxwell agreed. "By all means." All the way back to camp she stared at Dukie, who remained speechless. . . .

Dukie called Paddle into his tent after dinner.

"We've got to do something," he said. "The old girl's about to go moony on me. They come out from the city and it's all new and strange and glamorous. The husband does nearly everything wrong and looks silly. The professional does everything right, which ain't strange, Paddle, since all we are is outdoor mechanics anyhow.

"Then the old lady goes a little soft on the hunter, even though she's as nice as this *mem-sahib*, and the hunter gets nervous, and the client gets more and more annoyed. Then he either gets too brave and gets himself killed, trying to impress his wife, or what is more important he gets too brave and gets *you* or *me* killed.

"In any case, it's no good. We've got to think of something, Paddle, because he's a nice type, is old John, and I don't want him to spend the rest of his life apologizing for this trip every time he and Helen have a family fight back home in Kansas, or wherever they live in America. Got any ideas?"

"Not I," said Paddle, cheerfully. "*You* are the senior hunter. I'm only the apprentice. I shall observe the master with the keenest of interest."

"Go to hell," Dukie said, and drank half a glass of water before he discovered it wasn't gin.

FOR a week the situation grew steadily worse. Shooting tensely now, Maxwell wounded a zebra and they had to chase it; and while they did, he missed it half a dozen times and finally broke a hindleg. Helen Maxwell looked at him with great, scornful disgust.

Maxwell became extremely taciturn, and the camp, once so jolly over the evening meal and the bright fire, was morose and taut. On several evenings Dukie and Paddle, lying in their tent, could hear the mutter of argument coming from the clients' tent.

"It looks," Dukie said quietly, "as if the Bwana Maxwell is going to have a long, tough series of winters, if I know women. Every time he looks crosseyed at a dressmaker's bill she's going to remind him of their lovely, lovely, safari. Well, we've waited long enough. We will apply the drastic treatment. *You*, my lad, will . . ."

The next morning Mr. McGunn announced that both of the Maxwells must ride with him that day, as his assistant had to run over to Narok to

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TRIO FREEZES

When we caught the bus the driver offered to drive straight to my house as it was the nearest on the route. My wife nearly went through the roof when she was greeted by a trio of drenched and sheepish fishermen.

RIBENA PLEASES

Three hot baths were next on the menu. Later, may I say, we were each made to drink a glass of hot Ribena. My wife says there's nothing like it to guard against colds and flu. We certainly agreed with her.

STAVES OFF SNEEZES

Several days passed and I was still in the best of health. So my wife checked up on my friends and they were O.K. too. Not one sneeze among us—thanks to Ribena. What a grand drink it is!

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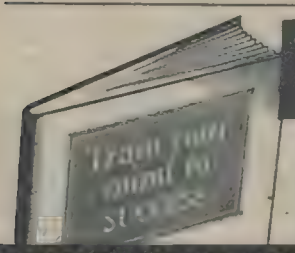

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see about the delicate state of the lorry's differential.

"I'll stay in camp with the boys," Helen Maxwell said crossly. "There must be at least one book here that I've read only once."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," Dukie replied, "I'd rather you didn't stay here alone. Snakes you know, and the odd rhino. Safe enough if Paddle's here to keep an eye open, but I'd never forgive myself if a cobra crawled into your tent.

"We'll drive up past Egelok," Dukie continued. "There's a herd of big buff up there I want to look at. One monster bull, if somebody hasn't shot him."

They were tooling along in the clean, dewy morning when Dukie stopped the Land-Rover and pointed. A big, fat topi bull was dozing under a thorn.

"I wish you'd get out and wallop that antelope," Dukie said to John Maxwell. "We need some camp meat."

Maxwell nodded glumly, accepted the .30-06, stalked up to a bush and shot the big antelope quite precisely through the shoulder.

"Jolly nice shooting, bwana," said Mr. McGunn. "Smack on the button. We'll just let the innards out of this chap and stuff him in the back of the Rover and hunt on a bit. I remember some wonderful lions about here. Tame as kittens. Make ruddy fine pictures. Hurry up with that topi, Matheke. I want you to go with me to look for those buff." He turned back to the Maxwells and said, "I'll leave the thirty-oh-six for you people. Loose it off if you need me."

Dukie picked up his heavy double rifle by the barrels and swung off, leaving the Maxwells alone in the jeep. The gunbearer went on ahead of Dukie. The Maxwells looked at each other and said nothing at all. John Maxwell was thinking what a dreadful, horrid bust this safari had turned out to be when he heard his wife scream.

A LION, a huge, big-maned beast, growling, swung heavy-shouldered out of the bush, and charged for Dukie McGunn. Dukie let out a banshee screech, dropped the gun, and tore straight to the closest tree, which he scurried up like a leopard in a hurry. The lion swerved and headed in great bounds for the car.

To Helen Maxwell, the animal's mouth was a fiery furnace, its head as big as a locomotive. John Maxwell whirled and grabbed the .30-06. He fired just as the lion left the ground in a gigantic leap at the car. The lion dropped like a stone with his vast head a foot or so from Helen Maxwell's indrawn legs. Helen Maxwell fainted, and John Maxwell's hands were shaking when he fired again, the coup de grâce. It took the lion in the forehead.

Dukie shinned down out of the tree.

"Marvellous shooting, old boy," he said. "And just in the nick of time, too. Most men would have missed him or wounded him, and somebody would certainly have got killed."

Helen Maxwell, deadly pale, had revived. She looked at Dukie with bitter dislike.

"You had a damned nerve leaving us here alone in this zoo," she said. "All that talk about these lions being harmless as kittens! If it hadn't been for John——" She began to weep. Her husband put his arm around her.

"We'll go back to camp," Dukie said, "and I'll come back with the boys and skin him out. He's a little past prime, but a lovely trophy. I'll have to square it with the Game Department though; we're not supposed to shoot them here. And then I reckon we'd best head back to Nairobi."

Dukie left the Maxwells talking animatedly in camp. Helen Maxwell's eyes were warm with admiration for John Maxwell. She looked scornfully at Dukie McGunn, who had run away and climbed a tree in face of danger.

Dukie drove back to the lion, sprawling dead and rumpled. The lion was thin, mangy, scarred and fly-bitten. One foot was crippled from an old fight. Most of his teeth were gone, and he had a cataract over one eye.

"Poor old boy," Dukie said aloud. "Poor, sad old beggar. Poor old Tiberius. You'll never pose for another picture, but the hyenas would have had you in a couple of weeks anyhow. I certainly felt a skunk when I planted that topi carcass in the back of the jeep, and you came bounding up for your dinner, all full of hope and high purpose." Dukie cupped his hands and yelled: "Okay, Paddle, you can come down out of the tree now. The city-folks are safe in camp."

Young Master Rowbottom, a big .500 double rifle slung over his shoulder, slid down from a nearby tree.

"Very nice, my boy," said Mr. McGunn. "Very, very nice timing. For a second I thought Maxwell wasn't going to shoot at all—not that poor old Tiberius here would have hurt them any—but if friend Maxwell hadn't shot, our little charade would have certainly soured. And we would not, as the saying goes, have been drinking their grog any longer. And the old lady would never have forgiven him *or* me. Or you, for that matter."

"It was nothing at all," said Master Rowbottom. "I had enough gun up that tree to put the quietus on an elephant. It was merely a matter of shooting the poor old blighter in the ear as he jumped. I don't suppose I was more than a hundredth-second behind Maxwell's shot. Poor old Tiberius, coming out for his free lunch and instead he gets clobbered in the head."

DUKIE reached into the Land-Rover's glove department and hauled out a bottle of gin. He took a long swig and handed the bottle to Paddle.

"Son," he said, "when you have dealt with clients as long as I have, you will have learned to treat them like another kind of wild animal, to put yourself in their place. As long as we had to shoot poor old Tiberius for the warden anyhow, I couldn't see any harm in making him play cupid in the process.

"You know, Paddle, when you've been at this a bit longer, you'll realize that it ain't the buffalo in the bush that collects the hunters. It is the women on safari. And I have managed to remain unshot and a bachelor for forty-seven years. See you do the same."

"Yes, sir," Paddle Rowbottom said devoutly. "Every day I learn something new."

THE END

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the jumbled details below, can you provide each man with his potted biography—and his name? The answers are on page 45.

BORN:
A. Thirty-five years ago in London, the son of an author and dramatist.
B. Forty-two years ago in New York, the son of a Russian-Jewish tailor.

FIRST JOB:
C. An insurance clerk.
D. Barnstorming Britain.

HAS SAID:
E. "I am the only naval officer to pass out of King Alfred on an ability to talk myself out of any situation that may arise."
F. "I was the kind of guy who stood behind guys who whistled at girls."

FAMOUS AS:
G. The most sensational comic to appear on the postwar London variety stage.
H. Versatile mimic of stage and radio.

'Mr. World' rules the beauty queens

by JOHN ENNIS

As self-appointed escort to the loveliest girls, Eric Morley needs tact and toughness. Organizing beauty contests puts him in the surtax class—but leaves him no time to find a wife

ERIC MORLEY, A THIRTY-SIX year old bachelor who stages Britain's most important beauty contests, was torn by a clash of interests one weekend last September. On the one hand, he had charge of sixteen beautiful girls from sixteen nations, competitors in the Miss World contest. On the other hand, Arsenal were playing at home.

From a job that, he says, keeps him happily occupied for an average of one hundred hours a week, Morley demands only one relaxation: to watch Arsenal whenever they play at home. "I insist on that," he says. "But it was dangerous to leave the girls alone at the weekend. That was the time they could get into mischief."

Morley ordered a coach, bundled fifteen protesting beauties inside, and sent them under escort to wait for him in the chilly stands at the Arsenal football ground. Then he settled down in the lounge of the girls' hotel to wait for the one who thought she had got away. The truant, Miss France, came in when she felt sure everyone had left. Morley politely walked her to his waiting car and drove her to the stadium.

The girls tried to get even by cheering for Arsenal's opponents, Burnley. Morley countered this by telling them Burnley wore red shirts—the Arsenal colour. The girls cheered for Arsenal through half the game, then realized their mistake. Sixteen lovely but contorted faces turned to the grinning Morley and shouted, "Mr. Morley, we *kill*."

Bouncing with youthful enthusiasm that matches his round, boyish face, Morley, a director of Mecca, Ltd., the catering and dance hall company, has been arranging beauty contests for five years with the idea of drawing more cash customers through Mecca dance hall doors. He has been largely responsible for the discovery of girls to bear the titles of Miss World, Miss England, Perfect Holiday Girl and Queen of Light. He has also promoted successful searches for Britain's Perfect Man, Britain's Best-Dressed Man, Britain's Perfect Pair, and The Hands of the Year. He is proud to be known as "Mr. World" in international beauty contest circles, but professes little interest in the fact that his income puts him in the surtax class.

At a heat in the "Miss Britain" contest, Eric Morley frees a jammed zip. He bans two-piece swim suits in the competitions he organizes

Refused £2,500 A Year

"Five years ago, when I had a basic salary of £520 a year, I turned down a job at £2,500 a year with a seven-year contract and offices overlooking Hyde Park," he says. "I have had one rise since then. I get £300 a year in directors' fees and also bonuses based on dance hall profits. If I work hard I make a lot of money, but money and hours don't bother me. I just like to work."

Since he began running beauty contests, Morley has not hesitated to threaten, persuade and intrigue to quell the temperamental tantrums of contestants. When Miss Egypt in the 1953 Miss World contest refused to attend a dinner, Morley chose to use tough tactics.

"A plane leaves for Paris at eight thirty this evening," he told the girl. "Either you get in the coach with the others, or you catch that plane."

But, Miss Egypt pleaded, she had a headache, she wasn't well.

"Right!" Morley snapped. "I can't have unfit girls in the competition. I'll order a taxi for the airport." Miss Egypt went to the dinner. At the end of the evening she kissed Morley and told him she had had a wonderful time.

Once, at a seaside contest, Morley had to face mass mutiny. A woman who was to chaperon the eventual winner to Palermo, Sicily, unwisely mentioned that she had a high regard for one of the contestants. Though the chaperon had no say in choosing the winner, her innocent remarks were built into a rumour that the contest was "fixed."

Believing they had no chance of winning, the other girls told Morley that they thought it a waste of time entering the final. "It was the first strike of bathing beauties in history," he says.

Morley acted swiftly. "I isolated the ringleader. I convinced her that the judges, stars from the local theatre, knew none of the girls." She capitulated.

The girl for whom the result was supposed to be arranged in advance was placed tenth. The judges awarded first place to the strike leader.

Beauty contests are an involved affair. Morley organizes the annual search for Miss England, who goes on to compete for the Miss Europe title. Miss Britain, who is selected by a newspaper, with Morley's help, enters for the Miss World final in London. Miss England draws a bye into the final of the Miss Britain contest. "So the same girl could win the lot," says Morley.

The Audience Gasped

If one girl did win all of these contests, she would get £1,600 cash tax free, win a silver rose bowl and a silver cup, be swept around for a year in a whirl of free gaiety and holidays, with suitable clothing provided, and probably end with a reasonably paid job as a fashion model.

What Morley calls "the great trek" towards these major events begins in February, with dozens of preliminary heats throughout Britain. The girls who reach the finals are well drilled in contest technique, but in the earlier heats anything can happen. A gasp, then a roar from the audience caused a judge to turn and look at twenty-eight girls as they came out for a preliminary contest in Scotland some years ago. He saw one girl wearing a swim suit with a startling neckline that plunged to her waist. The judge leaped up and pushed the girl into the wings.

"She was a country girl," says Morley. "She had never worn a swim suit before, and she had it on back to front. The other girls had noticed, but like little cats they just giggled and said nothing."

Though the Miss World event grew from Mecca's 1951 Festival Bikini Girl—"our contribution to the Festival of Britain"—Morley now bans two-piece swim suits in the contests which he handles. "They do not glorify the feminine figure," he primly explains.

There is a more commercial reason, too. Since he began gathering beauties from other countries, he has to be careful not to offend those nations which are shocked by the two-piece, otherwise his entries for the following year's Miss World contest might dwindle.

Intrigue Was Necessary

It was after a girl had returned to England complaining of men howling like wolves outside her hotel room that Morley decided that a man would make a better chaperon than a woman on Miss England's annual visit to Europe. "There's only one person who can manage the girls, and that's myself," he says. He took on the job.

He discovered that a certain amount of intrigue was necessary in the Miss Europe final. "The best girl wins, of course," he says, "but there is a lot of prestige to be gained from having your girl in the final six." When he discovered that the other chaperons, who also acted as judges, were getting together and saying, "You vote for mine, I'll vote for yours," Morley

YOU won't find this family going without a meal if they can help it. Certainly not the one at the end of the day! So, as you can see, they are a thoroughly healthy, contented bunch. With one of those sensible mothers who knows the more her family enjoy a meal the more good it does them.

Home to that good meal they need!

4 out of 6 women know how to make a good meal wonderful

Serve Batchelors Peas! Serve them with beef, or lamb, or pork. Serve them with fish. Have them in casseroles. In salads. Never be without Batchelors Peas. And why Batchelors, you ask? Simply because they're *always* nicer. And so say 4 out of 6 women!*

**A nation-wide survey showed that of all women who named their favourite brand of peas, 4 out of 6 named Batchelors.*

Batchelors PEAS

make a good meal **WONDERFUL**

Bustler's giving way, but there was a chance that the casualty would decide to slip the tow in favour of her rival—especially if the story of a contract were true. To prevent this happening, the slack in the tow-line was tightened. Now it was physically impossible to release it.

On the principle that possession is nine points of the law, the issue was settled. Bustler steamed off with the prize.

More complicated and more costly than towing is the task of refloating a grounded ship, particularly if the damage is amidships. "A head-on blow," says Sutherland, "is often the least harmful. A blow along the side can open up a ship and sink her at once."

Saved By Another Tug

He cites the case of the Bella Vista, a cargo boat full of iron ore, which ran aground on Papa Westray Island—one of the worst tidal corners of the Orkneys—on July 29, 1948.

It took three days to discharge the cargo. On the morning of the fourth day a severe westerly gale put an end to the chances of salvage. The ship was already breaking up when the defeated salvors began escaping by lifeboat.

Tossed like a leaf in the raging sea, the tug held on by tow-line while the men escaped. Then the line—five-inch reinforced steel wire—snapped. The cable fouled the tug's propellers. Sutherland knew there would be no chance for them if they were swept on to the rocks. Their only hope was the anchor.

"We dropped it over and hoped for the best. By sheer luck, it held fast—the sea-bed there is rock. But we were in a most dangerous position. Another tug came to our rescue, shot a line aboard and took us to shelter, where divers cleared the propeller. By that time all the salvage party were safely ashore."

Lived On Sandwiches

A man dedicated to his job—he has no hobbies—Sutherland is interested in little outside it. It was this characteristic single-mindedness that caused him on one occasion to buy almost £20 worth of ham sandwiches. He was in charge of ten men at Liverpool Docks who were working against time to patch up a salvaged tanker. Food was a problem: it was too dangerous to light a fire on board and the only dockside café was closed at the weekend.

"The job was urgent and I didn't want to let the boys go off the ship," says Sutherland. "They might have been tempted into a pub, for the nearest restaurant was half a mile away."

So, on Friday morning, he went to the café and ordered enough food to see them through to Monday. It was delivered later that day—640 ham sandwiches. Preoccupied with the job, Sutherland had not considered the effect on the men's stomachs, or their morale.

"We had ham sandwiches for breakfast, lunch, tea and supper that weekend. I wasn't at all popular by Monday morning."

When the tanker left Liverpool on the journey home to Germany, Sutherland and his party augmented the skeleton crew at the request of the owners. It was night when they began rounding Land's End and caught the Atlantic swell. Sutherland was on deck with Sandy Robertson, one of the divers. Looking up at the masts, he noticed that the twin red lights—equivalent to an "on tow" sign—were not in position.

He turned to Robertson and asked him if he knew why.

"They are in position," said Robertson. "Look."

They both looked up to the masts. The lights *were* in position. For a moment Sutherland wondered if he had made a mistake. Then, as they watched, the lights began to move—inwards, towards each other. The ship was bending in the middle.

"Don't tell the crew," said Sutherland. "There's no immediate danger and they'll only get the wind-up. We'll soon be out of trouble."

He was right. When the ship reached the calmer waters of the Channel, the lights stopped their alarming dance and the ship completed the journey safely.

Cargo Used As Fuel

In an emergency, Sutherland will use any materials at hand to keep a crippled ship afloat—"we'll even take wood and metal from the tug herself." The same determination is often shown by the captain of a ship in trouble in avoiding expensive assistance from a salvage tug.

Last November, the British collier Mulberry Hill ran short of fuel oil in mid-Atlantic. The crew worked for a week to convert the engines from oil burning to coal. They used engine-room plating, parts of winches and scraps of asbestos. Burning their cargo, they managed to limp 780 miles to the nearest port, ignoring offers of help from a Dutch tug and saving the shipowners thousands of pounds.

A cargo played a decisive part when one of Sutherland's rivals attempted to salvage a burning ship. The salvors turned hoses on to the blaze and extinguished it in a few hours. Then, without warning, the ship's sides began to bulge. The deck heaved and cracked. The cargo of tightly baled flax had become saturated and expanded, splitting the ship.

Saw Fleet Salvaged

Born in the Orkneys, on the tiny island of Burray, Sutherland now lives at Kirkwall, within a mile of Salveda's mooring. The biggest salvage operation ever undertaken, the raising of the scuppered German fleet at Scapa Flow, was right on his doorstep; he saw it through from beginning to end. One method used was to seal off the inside of a ship into compartments and fill them with compressed air. Later, the water inside the hull was displaced with more compressed air and the ship rose to the surface. This happened so fast with the 27,000 ton battleship Derfflinger that the deck was unable to stand the sudden expansion of air and was blown right off.

The only job Sutherland ever undertook without hope of his firm making money out of it was one that he, and the firm, prefers to forget. It occurred one winter's night soon after the war, before he became master of Salveda.

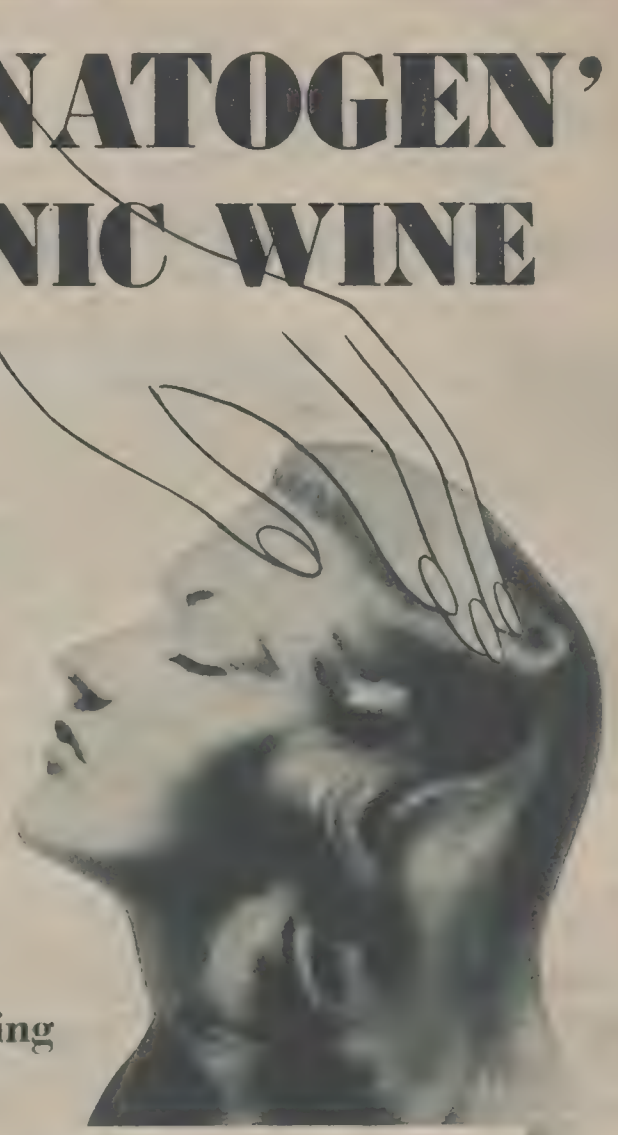
"Salveda herself ran on to a reef of rocks. I was captain of Metinda II, one of the firm's other tugs, at that time. We had the job of salvaging our own salvage vessel." THE END

WHO'S WHO?

A D E H are the clues on page 42 which help to identify the man on the left as Jon Pertwee, radio and stage comedian, and son of Roland Pertwee. His first job was with a touring company.

B C F G are the clues which identify the man on the right as Danny Kaye, American star of films and music hall.

'SANATOGEN' TONIC WINE



You can *feel* it doing you good

In these hustling, bustling days, when every hour seems a rush hour, there's a particular need for 'Sanatogen' Tonic Wine. For it is two tonics in one and combines the heartening, pick-me-up qualities of a rich full-bodied wine with the tonic properties of 'Sanatogen'.

Start a course of 'Sanatogen' Tonic Wine today and *feel* the difference.

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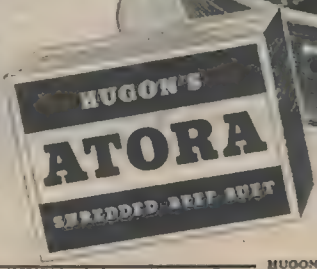
ATORA

makes the most satisfying

SUET DUMPLINGS

Soups, stews, rabbit, boiled beef — they all ask for easy-to-make Atora Dumplings. Try them today — and have them regularly!

Your time-saving ATORA recipe: *Mix together 2-ozs. ATORA, 4-ozs. Self-raising flour, and a pinch of salt, adding sufficient moisture to make into a firm dough. Divide into small balls and roll well in flour. Put the dumplings into the soup, stew, etc., when at simmering point and continue to simmer for about twenty minutes. Serve immediately.*



The good BEEF SUET

HUGON & CO LTD. MANCHESTER 11

How could I scold a child so ill?

WHEN THE LOVELY WHITE NIGHTIE came from Aunt Barbara for my little girl, she was far too ill to care how pretty it was.

But now the roses were coming back to her cheeks. So, in readiness for her Aunt's visit next day, I let my pet try it on.

And then—oh dear!—all down the front she upset her hot blackcurrant drink.

How could I scold her—a child who'd been so ill? *I couldn't!* I said nothing—except to my friend next door.

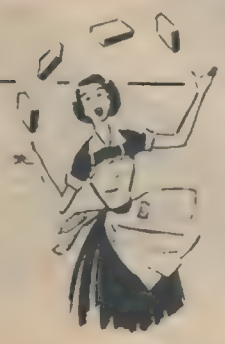
"And there's nothing that I know of," I added, "that will wash out such a heavy stain." She raised her eyebrows, "But surely you read the papers?" she asked. . . .

PERHAPS THE BLAME WAS MINE

Maybe it was my fault, but with all the worry of a sick child on my hands I hadn't noticed about Surf boiling spotless. Anyway, I went to work with a packet my neighbour lent me.

I took the nightdress, gave it a good soaking in Surf and cold water—left it to soak for about an hour. Then I put it into fresh Surf suds which I brought to the boil—and kept boiling for ten minutes. It came out spotless! Not just white—spotless!

Next day she made the sweetest picture. Of course, her Aunt was pleased to see her wearing the nightie. So I just couldn't resist telling her about the accident—and about Surf. "Of course Surf is wonderful," she smiled. "I should know. I use Surf for washing *everything!*"

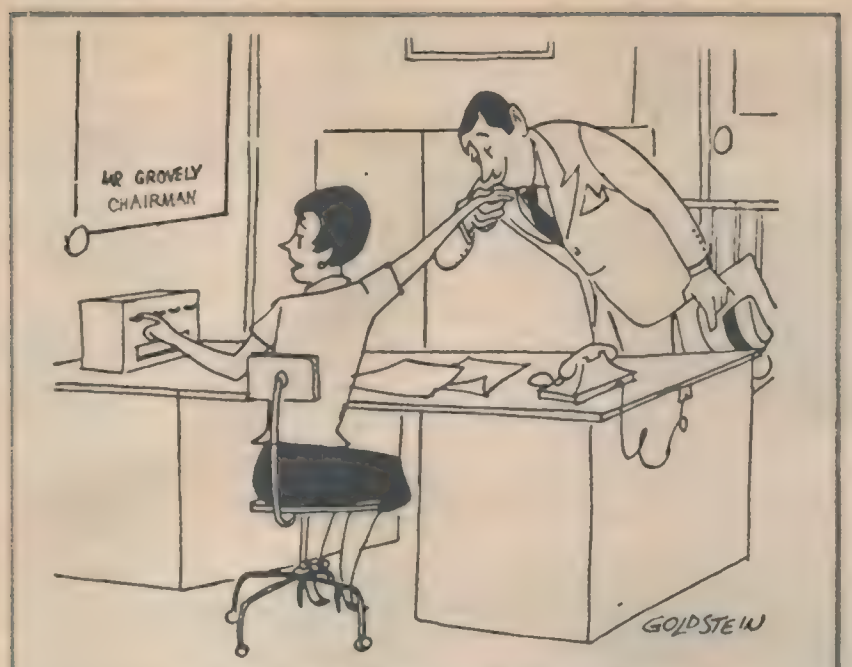


You don't need to juggle with different powders on washday. Surf washes work-soiled dungarees, greasy overalls, coloureds, woollens—*everything*—spotless! And your white things will be more than just white—*spotless!*

Surf boils spotless!

SUR 74-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT



"It's our Paris representative, Mr. Grovely"

HIGH ADVENTURE

Continued from page 12

familiarity and the extra weight made it appear a lot easier.

We left them on the far side and then battled our way back for the next group. With monotonous regularity we crossed back and forth. Our coolies seemed unending. It was not until we had brought the last group over that I realized there were no longer *any* coolies crouching round their fires. For some time we had been acting as public transport.

We pressed on and came to a small village where we decided to camp for the night. Nyima scouted round and found a suitable dwelling. It was frail bamboo structure with a large roof but no walls at all. It had two floors—the animals lived on the ground floor and the humans on the floor above. This had certain disadvantages if one had a delicate sense of smell but, on the other hand, the soft breeze had an unhindered passage through the building and it kept remarkably cool. Pasang cooked a fine meal of roast chicken, roast potatoes, pumpkin and a green vegetable rather similar to spinach. Our air-mattresses were spread out on piles of fragrant corn, and I sank into a deep sleep.

Next morning, Riddiford and I went on ahead; our aim was to reach Dingla that night. We started climbing down towards the Arun river. Dingla was high up on the other bank, and we had to find the ferry. We asked everyone we met the way to it, but our rough Hindustani produced only blank stares.

Finally, one of the men pointed and we went down to the river bank. Out on the sand was a small shelter, and resting in this were three men. A large dugout canoe was tied to the bank.

Enormous, Oily Surges

We looked at the river. Above and below were enormous rapids. A man could not live a minute in them before being battered to death. But here the water poured down in enormous, oily surges, travelling at great speed. It looked impossible to get across the river before being swept into the rapids below. I noticed that the river here was split by a shallow shingle bar—but it still looked impossible.

Feeling decidedly scared, I crawled after the others into the canoe. The steersman took his place in the stern and the other two of the crew untied the canoe and started dragging it farther up the river. When the bar in the middle of the river was a couple of hundred yards below us, they gave a great shove and leaped aboard.

They grabbed their paddles and started working furiously. The current caught us and we started hurtling downstream at unbelievable speed. I could see the broken water of the rapids getting steadily closer. Suddenly, to my astonishment, the man in the bow calmly dropped his paddle and leaped overboard. And then I realized that he was on the bar. Straining against the tug of the current, he brought the canoe to a stop. Then, in ankle-deep water, he started slowly dragging the boat up the river again.

I could not keep my eyes off the next stretch of water. This was the main stream, and the great swells were sometimes four feet high. But our ferrymen seemed to know what they were doing, even if their safety limits were a bit fine. We reached the end of the bar and the bow man leaped on board.

Shot Into Calm Water

Once again their paddles flashed furiously. We were rolling and tossing in the grip of the current, and the bank was flashing past. I couldn't see how we would get ashore without being dashed to pieces. A great rock was looming up, thrusting out from the bank. The crew bent to the task and we shot round it to the calm waters of an eddy on the other side, and gently grated on the sandy shore. I paid my eight annas (eightpence) and thought, what a way to make a living!

As we climbed rapidly up towards Dingla, 2,500 feet above us, I could not help wondering what the four men we were meeting would be like. Of course, we knew all about Shipton, his tough trips, his ability to go to great heights, and his policy of having cheap and mobile expeditions by living largely off the land. He was certainly the most famous living Himalayan mountaineer. But what did he look like? And what about his three companions?

I looked at Riddiford. Thin and bony, with a scraggy beard and scruffy, dirty clothes, he didn't look a particularly prepossessing type. I probably looked a lot rougher. But these Englishmen—they might shave every day; they might be sticklers for the right thing. We'd have to smarten up a bit.

As we entered the village we were met by a cheerful-looking Sherpa who informed us that the "Burra Sahib" was waiting to meet us. Feeling like a couple of errant schoolboys going to visit the headmaster, we followed the Sherpa into the upper room of a large building.

As we entered, four figures rose to meet us. My first feeling was one of relief. I have rarely seen a more disreputable bunch and my visions of changing for dinner faded away for ever.

Shipton quickly put us at ease. He introduced his three companions: Bill Murray, a dour Scotsman who had led the first all-Scottish expedition to the

Proud Fathers

....and wise mothers!

A man may not carry his heart on his sleeve, but he usually carries a picture or two of baby in his pocket book. Here we have a proud father because his wife is a wise mother.

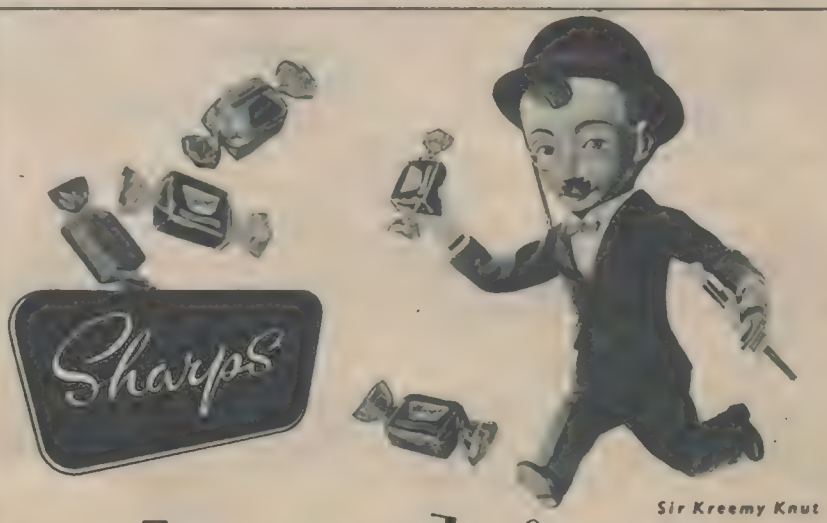
Why? Because she insists upon Cow & Gate. She knows that this "King of Foods and Food of Kings"—the choice of so many Royal mothers, will ensure a happy trouble-free babyhood, and, even more important, that priceless heritage—a right royal constitution in later life!

If you are not already doing so (and today more and more mothers are) give *your* baby Cow & Gate and ensure that he is a credit to you both!

If you wisely choose to feed baby on Cow & Gate you are reminded of the entitlement to liquid milk at 1½d. a pint.

COW & GATE MILK FOOD

The FOOD of ROYAL BABIES



Sir Kreemy Knut

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BOUNTY, SMOTHERED THICK WITH FULL-CREAM MILK CHOCOLATE. TWO BIG CHUNKY BARS FOR 6d

ENJOY ONE TODAY !

Another sweet treat by Mars

Consider your verdict

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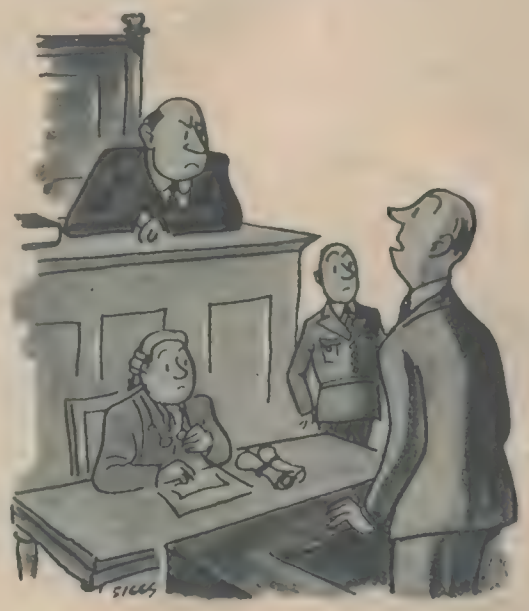

NELL and her husband Henry were constantly arguing; she did not think that he gave her enough money, and this was the main cause of their quarrels.

After one dispute, Nell left home to go to her mother. She told Henry: "I shall take out a summons against you for forcing me from the house, and I'll ask for a proper allowance."

"You won't have a chance of getting it," retorted Henry.

"You forget that Mother and I are great friends of Mr. Blank, the J.P.," Nell told him. "I'll have the case set down before his bench. He'll help me."

Nell carried out her threat and the case came before the local justices, one of whom was Blank.

Henry stood up in court and said: "With respect, I object to Mr. Blank hearing my case. He is a friend of my wife's family, and she has told me that he will help her to win her case. I do not feel that I shall get a completely impartial trial, and I would like another magistrate to replace Mr. Blank."

Blank was upset by these remarks. "When I took my magistrate's oath, I swore to judge impartially, and have always tried to do so," he said. "I admit I know Nell and her family, and I have heard that she and her husband do not get on. But I knew nothing of this case until Nell applied for a summons. I feel that I am fitted to hear it."

The justices then dismissed Henry's objection and continued with the case. Henry refused to have any more to do with it, and Nell was given an order against him.

Henry then appealed to a higher court, demanding that the case be retried before a court which did not include Blank. "Even though he may have been completely fair," Henry told the judge, "I did not feel that I was getting justice and impartiality from Blank, since Nell had threatened me and carried out her threat."

Blank was quite open about the matter, and resented Henry's implications. "My acquaintance with Nell did not influence the justices in any way," he said. "I see no reason why I should be thought unfit to hear the case."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 51

Himalayas the previous year; Dr. Michael Ward, a well-built young chap with an easy, impetuous manner; Tom Bourdillon, an enormous man, who had a fine record of formidable climbs in the Swiss Alps.

Shipton explained that they were experiencing difficulty in getting enough porters. The local inhabitants didn't like travelling in the monsoon; they feared the flooded rivers and in any case were busy with their own crops. Shipton was, however, slowly signing coolies up. In this work, Angtarkay, Shipton's famous Sherpa, was invaluable. Angtarkay was small and compactly built, with great vitality. It was impossible not to like his patient and kindly face.

On Monday, September 9, we were ready to set off for Namche Bazar. After three days of marching we were climbing steadily upwards along narrow tracks, deep in mud. The dense, wet mist gave an eerie air to the whole countryside, but it was obvious that we were getting very high and into an area of few habitations.

The leeches lined every path and reached blindly towards us. I was walking a little ahead when I saw a movement at the side of the track. Next moment a slender snake about two feet long wriggled across the path.

My sole weapon was my umbrella. I lowered it quickly and leaped to the attack. Just as the snake was about to disappear inoffensively into the bush, it received a couple of fearful blows over the head, and expired. I picked it up by the tail and carried it triumphantly down towards a group of Sherpas. Their violent and terror-stricken scattering made me realize for the first time that the snake was probably poisonous.

In the afternoon, torrential rain started falling and life became very miserable. It was the same the next day and, late in the afternoon, we started searching for shelter. And then a Sherpa brought us a message from Pasang, who was bringing up the rear. Apparently the coolies had decided to stop for the night under some primitive huts about a mile back. We had hardly done more than five miles all day, so Shipton wrathfully set off back to stir them into further action. I rushed on ahead to try to find some kind of habitation.

I'd only gone a mile when I came on some rude dwellings—squalid and dirty, they were primarily a bamboo protection for the hardy, high-country cattle. But at least we'd have a roof over our heads. I hastened back to tell Shipton. As I approached, I met hurrying groups of startled Nepalese with their loads on their backs and pots of half cooked rice in their hands. I arrived in the clearing to find a fiery Shipton stirring the few remaining coolies into rapid flight.

Pasang explained his inability to stop the men camping here by a lugubrious: "Me only one Sherpa; they sixty coolies!" But apparently one Shipton had been sufficient. It must have been an impressive sight.

Life was pretty grim when we settled down for the night. All our clothes were wet and so were our sleeping bags. The rain was pounding down on our flimsy roof, which was leaking in a dozen places. But nothing seemed able to disturb Shipton. Sitting in his sleeping bag, with his umbrella over his head to divert the drips, he puffed at his pipe and read a novel in the flickering light of a candle. He couldn't have looked more contented in an easy chair at home in front of a cosy fire.

Leeches Feasted On Us

It rained hard for the next seven days. We were never comfortable or dry, and the leeches had a veritable feast off us. On September 21 we woke to our first fine morning. It seemed a propitious sign, for we were fast approaching the mountain country. We left early and had a delightful walk up a pleasant track through the bush and up to a tiny pass.

From here we had a magnificent view up the great valley of the Dudh Kosi river. Our Sherpas enthusiastically pointed out places of interest. This was their homeland and, as we travelled up the valley, we received a warm reception. Sherpas who had carried loads on Everest and other mountains came from all directions, proud to renew their acquaintance with Shipton.

We climbed up next day through a great gorge towards the capital of the district, Namche Bazar. As we got steadily higher, our excitement increased, for more and more great peaks were coming into view. We turned a corner, to see the vast rock and ice wall between Nuptse and Lhotse filling the head of the valley. And over it all towered the summit pyramid of Everest—only twenty miles away but still 20,000 feet above us.

We were met outside the village of Namche Bazar by the headman. The size of the place astonished us. In terraces on the side of the hill were at least sixty dwellings and a large, brightly coloured Buddhist monastery. After the traditional welcoming ceremony of drinking Tibetan tea and *chang*—beer brewed from rice—we had a large house put at our disposal. There we paid off our coolies and sorted out our equipment.

Sorted Out Our Gear

It took us several days to recruit some Sherpas and issue them with warm clothing. We accumulated some stocks of local food and we aired all tents and sleeping bags. We took possession of our own equipment—string singlets, woollen underclothes, windproof trousers, nylon pile jackets, down jackets, double layered windproof parkas, balaclavas, and silk, woollen and leather gloves. Enough, we felt, to keep us warm under the most rigorous conditions.

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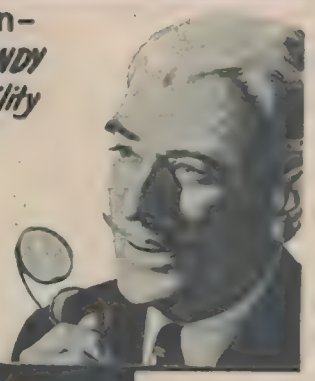

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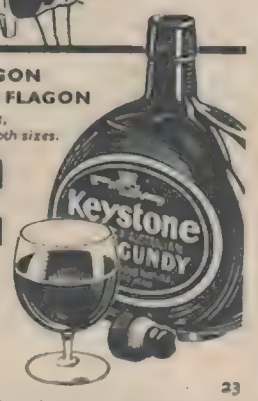

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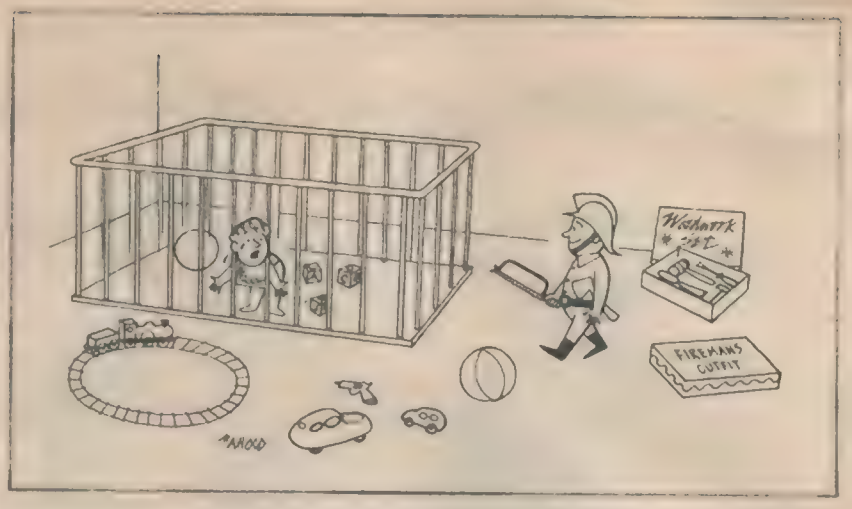

base camp on the Khumbu glacier and make from it a thorough investigation of the southern approach to Everest. We weren't particularly optimistic about our chances of finding a route. The only photograph we possessed of the slopes leading to the South Col was a rather unsatisfactory aerial one. It made the upper slopes look impossibly steep. We called it our "horror photograph" and it was produced whenever one of the party became too optimistic.

From Namche Bazar, it took only three days to get to the foot of Everest, but in many ways they were the most exciting and dramatic days I had ever spent. The rivers foamed through great gorges; the hillsides were clothed in dense forest, and then, high above the early autumn tints, towered the unbelievable peaks of the Khumbu region—mighty, ice-fluted faces, terrific rock buttresses, and razor-sharp jagged ice ridges soaring up to impossible summits.

Graceful Snow Plume

It took us several days of reconnaissance to find a suitable base camp, but we finally pitched our tents in the lateral trough of the Khumbu glacier beside an excellent spring at a height of 17,500 feet.

On the afternoon of our arrival at our base camp, Shipton and I took a pair of binoculars and went for a scramble on the pile of moraine—stones and debris brought down by the glacier—behind the camp. From here we had a thrilling view of Everest, immense and remote with its long, graceful plume of wind-driven snow.

We examined with interest the southern side of the mountain. We knew there was no direct access to it, for the way was barred by a great ice-filled valley called the Western Cwm. Nobody had ever looked into the Cwm, and we were far from confident that there was a way up its obviously precipitous sides and on to the mountain.

Getting into the Western Cwm was going to be a formidable task. On every side it was surrounded by an immense mountain wall over 25,000 feet in height. There was only one break—where the glacier filling the valley drained through a narrow gap between the tremendous precipices of the west ridge of Everest and of Nuptse.

Collapsed With Relief

In one great leap, this glacier, which is crushed in the narrow gap, falls in a shattered chaos of ice-blocks and crevasses to the Khumbu glacier 2,500 feet below. Through the glasses, the lower icefall seemed quite possible but we returned to the camp in a far from optimistic mood.

On the morning of September 30 it was clear and fine. Four men left to examine the icefall—Riddiford, Bourdillon, Ward, and Pasang. Shipton wanted to climb to a position where he could get a look into the Western Cwm, and invited me to accompany him. We left camp and scrambled on to the bottom of a ridge which came down off Pumori (23,190 feet).

We were both fairly fit and climbed steadily upwards. But the height started taking its toll. In the rarified air, our lungs were working overtime and rapid movement was impossible. We scrambled up a steep rock bluff, chipped a few steps over some firm snow and collapsed with relief on a little ledge at 20,000 feet.

Almost casually I looked towards the Western Cwm, although I didn't expect to see much of it from here. To my astonishment the whole valley lay revealed to our eyes. A long, narrow, snowy trough swept from the top of the icefall and climbed steeply up the face of Lhotse at the head of the Cwm. And even as the same thought was simmering in my own mind, Shipton said, "There's a route there!"

I could hear the note of disbelief in his voice. For it looked possible to climb from the floor of the Western Cwm up the Lhotse glacier—steep and crevassed though it appeared—and from there a long and steep traverse led over to a saddle at 26,000 feet on the south side of the mountain—the South Col. Certainly it looked a difficult route, but a route it was.

In excited voices we discussed our find. We had neither the equipment nor the men to take advantage of our discovery, but at least we could try to find a route up the icefall and then return next year and attack the mountain in force.

It was warm and comfortable on our ledge and with an air of contentment we slowly ate our lunch. We had a remarkable view of the northern route on the mountain and Shipton pointed out to me all the places that had been made famous by the earlier expeditions. I returned down the ridge in a daze of excitement—I'd been one of the first men to look into the Western Cwm, I'd seen a new route up the mountain, and I'd had the old, classic route explained to me in detail by one of its most famous characters. What more could I ask!

Crawled Into Our Tents

The icefall reconnaissance party came back to base camp after a long day. Bourdillon and Ward had examined the right-hand slopes until increasing difficulties had forced them to give up. Riddiford and Pasang, on the left, had been more successful and had climbed more than a thousand feet up the icefall before stopping in a rather broken area. This was encouraging news.

On October 2, Shipton, Bourdillon, Riddiford and I moved a camp over to the foot of the icefall. Murray and Ward were not acclimatizing too well and stayed back at base. It was a miserable, snowy day and we hurriedly pitched our tents and crawled inside them. Three of our Sherpas stayed with us. For the next day and a half it snowed steadily and we didn't move from the tents. But on October 4, the morning was fine and cold, and we left for the icefall at 8 a.m.

The going was surprisingly easy. We wandered in and out among blocks of ice buried in the snow, and crossed large numbers of well-bridged crevasses. The snow was bitterly cold and Riddiford and I suffered agonies from frozen feet. When we reached a sunny spot, we had to take our inadequate boots off and chafe our feet back to life.

It didn't take us long to reach

Riddiford's highest point. It was about 19,000 feet. Bourdillon was finding the altitude a little much for him, so he decided to stop and wait here for us. A short distance ahead was a great shelf which stretched across the middle of the icefall. But barring our way from it was a tangled mass of unstable-looking crevasses and iceblocks.

Here, the heavy monsoon snow turned out to be a blessing, for it bridged the crevasses and filled gaps between the iceblocks. We ploughed our way through it with determination and scrambled up on to the middle shelf.

The way ahead didn't look too easy. Great blocks of ice were embedded in the deep snow, and many of them looked as though they could tumble down with ease. We were conscious, too, of another danger. High above us on the cliffs of Everest and Nuptse were hanging glaciers. Periodically, great masses of ice detached themselves and swept out on to the icefall, spreading ruin and destruction in their paths.

We Feared Avalanches

We struggled upwards round the crevasses and under towering pinnacles of ice. By one o'clock we had just about had enough and we stopped and ate our lunch, sitting on top of an ice-bulge in the sun. The food and rest lent us new strength, but we continued in some trepidation. The snow condition was giving us some concern. It was loose and very deep, but it was tied together by a crust packed by the wind. We were afraid that it might avalanche.

Our progress was pitifully slow. The lack of oxygen strained our lungs to the utmost, and the snow was often hip deep. We needed frequent changes, and the higher we got the more often we changed. We dragged ourselves up a steep gully and on to a snow shelf and saw in front of us the last great crevasse before the crest of the Western Cwm.

It was a very wide crevasse, partly filled in with snow, and the upper wall, instead of being vertical, was a long and very steep snow slope. It looked a nasty problem. Two of our Sherpas asked to remain behind, but Pasang continued. It was my turn to lead, and I started off down into it.

Bridged Icy Depths

Floundering round in waist-deep, feathery powder snow, I made a track across the lumps of ice, up a vertical ice wall and then, very cautiously, across the fragile bridge that spanned the icy depths. I stopped, exhausted, on a little snow ledge at the foot of the steep slope. I was far from happy about the condition of the snow. It seemed decidedly dangerous and my only ambition was to get away from it as quickly as possible.

The others climbed up to join me, and as nobody mentioned the snow condition I shrugged and kept silent. Perhaps I was unduly cautious, I thought.. The obvious route on the face was to go vertically upwards for sixty feet and then to traverse diagonally out to the right. It was Pasang's turn to do some of the work, and the fact that we let him lead in such a place was an indication of the indecision in our minds.

He plunged upwards in the deep snow and Riddiford and Shipton followed him. I belayed the party with

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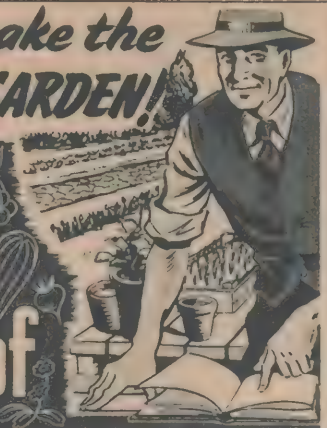

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my ice-axe sunk deeply into the slope. When they reached the top of the vertical section I moved up to them and belayed again. It was a most impressive place, for we could look straight down into the green depths of a crevasse.

With a tightening of my stomach muscles, I watched Pasang struggling across the slope at a steadily rising angle. I didn't like the place at all and felt we shouldn't be there. Almost instinctively I thrust in my ice-axe a little deeper. But Pasang was making considerable progress and Riddiford soon followed him out on to the face. Before long Pasang, Riddiford and Shipton, twenty feet apart, were spread out on the face and inching their way across.

I had almost persuaded myself that my fears were groundless when, with a sudden crack, the whole slope broke up into large blocks and started sliding with horrifying rapidity towards the gaping maw of the crevasse.

The snow under my feet quivered, slid an inch and stopped. I threw all my weight on my ice-axe and watched the other three being swept downwards. They were fighting for their lives!

Pasang was near the edge of the avalanche. With a leap in the air like a cat, he shot off the moving blocks and thrust his ice-axe deep into the stable snow above. Shipton was dashing towards me. With remarkable balance, he leaped from lump to lump and threw himself on to the relative safety of my belay.

But for Riddiford there was no such escape. He was rapidly carried down to the edge of the crevasse where the snow blocks were disappearing with a dull roar. And then our ropes came tight, cutting into Riddiford's waist as the weight of the avalanche came against him, but he rolled on to his back and wriggled free. He lay there suspended on the slope, exhausted.

It took us quite a while to calm our pounding hearts and gasping lungs. And then Riddiford started slowly moving. We tugged on the ropes and slowly he dragged himself across towards us. He didn't seem to be injured—he was more winded than anything else—but he'd had a narrow escape. With extreme caution we climbed back down over the crevasse to safe ground on the far side.

Supped On Tea And Soup

It was now after four o'clock and we had been going for eight hours. Exhausted and discouraged by the dangerous snow condition, we started off down; by ten past six we were back at camp.

Too tired to eat anything solid, we supped on tea and soup, then lay in our sleeping bags and discussed the day's activities. There didn't seem much point in persisting with the icefall while the snow was in such bad condition. It would be much better to return to it in a couple of weeks, when it had had a chance to consolidate. Shipton decided that we'd break the party up into two groups and go off on exploratory trips.

The next fortnight was one of the most exciting I have ever spent. Shipton had invited me to accompany him on an exploratory trip to the south-east of Everest. The other four members of the party were to explore to the west.

Shipton and I descended into a paradise of blazing colour. In our short ten days up the Khumbu, every leaf and branch and twig had assumed its autumn coat. To my eye, accustomed to the ever-green forests of New Zealand, it was almost unbelievable. It was like being in a new world. A world of crimson and gold, and above it the slender white purity of soaring ice and the deep, dark blue of the sky.

For ten days we climbed and explored in country that men had never seen. We crossed difficult passes and visited great glaciers. And at the end of it, it wasn't so much our achievements I remembered, but more the character of Eric Shipton—his ability to be calm in any circumstances, his insatiable curiosity to know what lay over the next hill, and above all, his remarkable power to transform the discomfort and pain of high-altitude life into a great adventure.

Warm Light On Icefall

When we arrived back at the base camp on the Khumbu glacier, the other party had not yet arrived. And so, on October 23, we decided to try once again to get to the top of the icefall and into the Western Cwm. It was bitterly cold at 7.45 a.m. when we left camp, but in the crisp, invigorating air we made fast time up our established track. We reached Riddiford's point at nine o'clock, just as the sun bathed the ice-fall in its warm light.

As we climbed up towards the crest of a snow hump, we knew that the only thing now dividing us from the shelf in the middle of the glacier was a tangled area of crevasses and ice-blocks. We came over the crest and looked for signs of our old track—and then we blinked and looked again.

The whole area had completely changed. It was as though some vast subterranean vault under the glacier had collapsed and the ice had fallen into it. Below us was a great depression filled with a chaos of shattered ice-blocks. Our old route had disappeared into the heart of the glacier.

It shook us up to see the complete destruction of ground on which we had been confidently walking only two weeks before, and we debated whether to go on. But finally we decided to examine this new stretch and see if it was possible to cross it. We tied our two ropes together. I was in the front, Shipton a hundred feet behind, and then Angtarkay and Utsering.

Held on a tight rope by Shipton, I descended on to the fresh iceblocks. They rang with a hollow sound when I cut them with my ice-axe, but they didn't rock under my weight, so I went on. It was hard going. I cut a trail over and around hundreds of the blocks and was slowly moving over to the far side. Shipton and the Sherpas were moving out after me on to the "Atom Bomb" area, as we were calling it.

On the far side was a line of ice-cliffs—freshly cracked and unstable-looking. I worked my way towards a large column of ice, which I thought might give me access on to them. It was very steep and a large bulge of ice was barring my way.

I set to work to cut the bulge off with my ice-axe. A few hard blows and a lump as big as my head fell off and rolled into a gaping crevasse. For a moment nothing happened. And then an astonishing crashing and rumbling noise came up from the depths.

Decidedly puzzled and not a little frightened, I chopped off another piece and watched it fall into the depths. There was another long pause and then

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

The Queen's Flight

by KEITH ELLIS

The fascinating story of the men who fly the Royal planes

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Fee earning?

...if you don't want to know what Carol Scott does for a living, close your eyes. If you do...

Are you a toothpaste tube-cap-screwer-onner?
Well, that's not what's on the card!
But it *is* toothpaste?
Well, y-y-yes. But only loosely.
Do you mean a special kind of toothpaste?
Oh, very much so.
Ah, of course!—*Cosmetic* Toothpaste?
Well, that's included, but that's not what's on the card, either!
Oh dear! Is it to do with texture? Flavour? . . . *Quality* perhaps?
Well, all of those. But that's still not it!
Oh. *I've* got it! Colour! I know—it's that RED toothpaste that's all the rage now.
That's right. But you still haven't said what make.
Oh, that's easy. There *are* only two makes. One's Gordon-Moore's Cosmetic Toothpaste, and the other is "LESS Toothpaste". But do tell us the difference.
Well, "LESS" is so economical in use. You use only half as much for snowy white teeth. (Hence its name.) It contains decyl-carminate, discovered by a New York scientist. It's new—and very low in price at 1/7½d a tube.
And what about Gordon-Moore's?
Oh well, everyone knows that. As its name implies, it's a beauty aid. It rose-tints your gums to match your lipstick, and makes your teeth look whiter still by contrast.
And hasn't Gordon-Moore's got a special ingredient too?
Yes, it has—rougeryl. Rougeryl polishes your teeth in much the same way that jeweller's rouge polishes gold.
Doesn't that make it rather expensive?
Well, yes. It's 2/8 a tube—but it's worth every penny!
Agreed—if it helps to make all its users as beautiful as you, Miss Scott!
*Thanks for the compliment! . . . even if I didn't beat the experts.**

* She hadn't a hope really. It was easy for the panel. Once they got "toothpaste," they were bound to get "RED toothpaste." For, today, there's hardly a household without its red toothpaste fan. If you've never tried one of the red toothpastes, there are two things you can do —hide your head in shame or rush round to your nearest good chemists! Remember, you ask for "LESS" Toothpaste at 1/7½d or GORDON-MOORE'S Cosmetic Toothpaste at 2/8 (Trial Size 1/7½d).

OH, JOHNNY! by TIM

again the eerie, subterranean rumbles. I was about to chop off a third lump when I heard a shout from Shipton. I turned round and, to my amazement, saw our two Sherpas lying flat on the ice.

I moved across to them and Shipton explained what had occurred. As each of the lumps of ice fell into the crevasse, the area on which he and the Sherpas had been standing had shaken like an earthquake. The Sherpas had thrown themselves to the ground in fear. And, as Shipton wryly put it, "I'd have done the same myself if I didn't have to be a pukka sahib!"

We decided to try to get up somewhere else. After a good deal of careful work, I managed to get on top of the cliffs, to find that they were criss-crossed with recently made cracks—the whole area was completely shattered. Rather daunted, we retreated with some speed to safer ground.

This was all very worrying. Whereas it might be justifiable for climbers to take the risk of crossing such an area, Shipton wasn't at all sure that it would be fair to take laden Sherpas over it. We returned to camp, depressed by what we had found.

On October 25, Murray, Bourdillon, Ward and Riddiford returned from their explorations to the west. Three days later, the six British members of the party, together with Angtarkay, Pasang and Nyima, set off once again for the icefall.

It was 7.15 a.m. and a cold, dark autumn morning. We climbed rapidly up our well-established track, and by 9 a.m. we were at the edge of the "Atom Bomb" area. As far as we could tell, it didn't seem to have changed in our absence. We climbed over the tumbled iceblocks, scaled the shattered cliffs above and moved as quickly as possible over several hundred feet of cracked area to unbroken ground. It still wasn't a nice place, but it was a lot more stable than it had been the time before.

Forced Route To Top

We continued on upwards until we reached the steep slope on the crest of the icefall where the avalanche had stopped us on our previous reconnaissance. We split up into three parties and examined different approaches.

Two of our parties were turned back, but Bourdillon, by vast exertions, shovelled all the loose surface snow off the lower corniced lip of a crevasse running steeply up the right hand side of the slope, and forced a somewhat dubious route to the top. Certainly the hearty creaks the cornice emitted as I climbed up Bourdillon's route did little to endear it to me.

With some excitement, we climbed up on to a long, snowy shelf and looked ahead. We could see a deep and narrow valley sweeping away from us. And at the head of it was Lhotse. We were on the threshold of the Western Cwm!

There was only one problem in our way. A vast crevasse split the glacier from side to side. We could see no ice bridge across it and no way into it or out the other side. Without any suitable equipment this was as far as we could go. We debated whether we should bring a camp up here and try to push farther into the Cwm, but finally decided that the route was too dangerous for laden porters. Angtarkay and Pasang heartily endorsed our view.

Compete—Or Pull Out

We returned to base with the strong feeling that the icefall was the key to any attempt on Everest from the south. Our experience had shown that it was dangerous but that it could be climbed. We made ambitious plans for our return the following year, equipped with rope and tackle and ladders. Shipton, however, was far from happy about subjecting Sherpas to such a route—it hardly worked in with the deep-seated British tradition of responsibility and fair play.

But, in my heart, I knew that the only way to attempt this mountain was to modify the old standards of safety and justifiable risk and to meet the dangers as they came; to drive through regardless. Care and caution would never make a route through the icefall. If we didn't attack it that way, someone else would. The competitive standards of Alpine mountaineering were coming to the Himalayas and we might as well compete or pull out.

We descended to Namche Bazar amid the early signs of winter. At Namche we parted. The four English members went north to the Nangpa La and the Menlung valley. Riddiford and I had been away from home for a long time and had to rush back to catch an early boat. So we decided to return to Kathmandu.

We arrived there on November 17, and sank into that haven of rest for tired mountaineers—the British Embassy. Mr. and Mrs. Summerhayes welcomed us with kind and generous hospitality, and before long a hot bath and clean clothes had made us almost human again. And then we heard the latest news—the Swiss had been granted permission for an attempt on Everest in 1952. Our dream castles tumbled merrily down around our ears!

NEXT WEEK: We challenge the icy ramparts of Cho Oyu

Many of the photographs in this series are reproduced by permission of the Royal Geographical Society and the Alpine Club of Great Britain. "High Adventure" will be published as a book by Hodder and Stoughton in July, at 16s.

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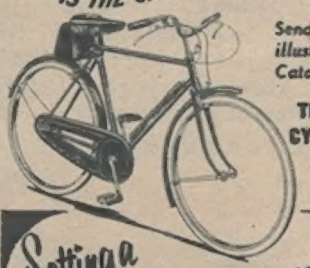

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already paid for FIRST PRIZE "Bullets" this year! Who's next for a fortune?

THE mood of humanity today, road accidents, the value of reading, atomic power for industry, space travel, the worries of housewives—for neat *Bullets* on these varied topics First Prizes value £5,000 have already been paid in 1955. And this week (see result on this page) a Truro woman entrant has captured a First with a bright comment on success in life.

More prizes are won weekly in *Bullets* than in all other competitions together. Join in this friendly battle of words and ideas this week and a *Bullet* on your coupon below can win you £500 cash, *plus* the biggest and most surprising Easter Egg ever awarded!

Winner with a traffic problem *Bullet* was Mr. P. H. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead. His winning words: Dreadful Roads — Carrying Too Much *Blame*?

£500 CASH FIRST PRIZE plus MONSTER EASTER EGG

Cheque to be posted Wednesday, April 6—and the record Easter Egg, with contents worth more than weight in gold, will be delivered by Easter Sunday.

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £2.10s., 50 "Bullets" Seasons

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

EASTER DUCKS as BONUSES —see details on coupon

THIS WAY TO THE PRIZE-LIST

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Princess Prosperity	A Lot Brighter
Worrying Winston	Being Awkward
That Budget Egg	Bundle Of Energy
Sword Of Freedom	With Admiration
Ivan's New Boss	She Looked Again And
The Spring Picture	Like A Horse
On The Way Down	Almost Too Beautiful
Matters Little	Choirboy Alfie
Wonders Never Cease, So	Jogging Along
Paying More	At The Ice-rink

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Cargo Of.....	Wasn't ..... Yesterday
Too Bad To Be.....	Glamour Of The.....
Stops For A.....	Where Shall We.....When

Chief Winners No. 1,974

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus World Tour for Two: Mrs. E. L. Osborne, 3 Tresawls Road, Truro:

Hadn't A Dog's Chance But Horse-sense, Donkey-work —*Success*!

£50: Mrs. M. Murphy, 26 Castle Street, Maesteg: THE NEW LOOK — BRITANNIA'S WEARING — *Doers'* "CREATION."

£25: Mrs. S. Green, 63 Church Avenue, Broomfield, Chelmsford: DO IT YOURSELF AND—IT'S *Done*—IT'S *Fun*!

OTHER AWARDS: £15: W. L. Hoole, 33 Sydenham Villas Road, Cheltenham: ROUND THE CRADLE —OF PEACE, *Fiery* "GODMOTHERS"! £10: F. Spray, 51 Sutton Road, Mansfield: THE LIGHTS OF HOME—TELEVISION DIMMING—"SPARKLE," TOO? £5: F. H. Bartlett, 33 Swallow House, London, N.W.8: FOOL OF A FOREIGNER — MIS-DIRECTED ME TO *Abbey*! £5: A. Fletcher, 25 Kildare Road, Blackpool: THE BUDGET PIE—RELEASING "STEAM" WITHIN *Us*? £5: H. G. Pound, "Bransley," Roden Avenue, Kidderminster: SO SIMPLE—SHIFTING NATIVES — "MOVING" *Humanity*? £5: W. H. Richards, 72 Heol Llan, North Cornelly, Bridgend, Glam: SHOWS WE'RE NOT HOPELESSLY—OLD-FASHIONED, INEFFICIENT, LAZY —*Boom*! £5: V. Wheaton, 8 Gloucester Crescent, Armley, Leeds: ROUND THE CRADLE—LIGHT SHADED —"LIGHT" SHINING.

For ten winners of £2 10s. see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 25 Prizes of £1 and 3,000 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

EXAMPLE	6d.
BULLET	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
B.	
EX.	6d.
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EASTER DUCKS A fine Aylesbury duck accompanies each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

1,979

Closing postmark MONDAY, MAR. 21

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Signed.....

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Value.....

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FREE! New entrants simply complete this label for free and post-free specimen *Bulletin*.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in *"Bullets" Bulletin* dated April 9 and in JOHN BULL dated April 16), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, April 2, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,979 result.)

POST BY MON., MARCH 21

"Bullets" 1,979, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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Of all chemists. 'Iron Jelloids' is a registered trade mark.

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39 News

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